

PHOENIX



Jack Patterson

PHOENIX



Why Phoenix?

by Shelley Lavin

The phoenix is a mythical, eagle-like bird with brightly colored feathers of gold, purple, and red. The phoenix lives in Paradise, just beyond the eastern horizon from which the sun rises.

According to the Egyptian version of the legend, after five hundred years of life, the phoenix grows tired. It can not die in Paradise, however, so it flies with the sun to the west, where it builds a nest of twigs from spice trees. That night, it sits on the nest and sings a song of rare beauty for all to hear.

Come dawn, the phoenix commands the sun into flight and its rays ignite the nest, which bursts into fragrant flames, giving off a scent of cinnamon and sweet spices. The phoenix burns to ashes with the nest. From within the ashes, a new bird emerges, renewed. The new phoenix, accompanied by a flock of birds, gathers the ashes of the old and brings them to a temple where they will be buried, before it returns to Paradise for another five hundred years of life.

The phoenix, a symbol of eternal life, is an inspiration for poets, writers, and artists. As creators, we have been inspired and have chosen "Phoenix" as the title to represent this summer's yearbook. The idea of rebirth is especially relevant as we celebrate the history of Buck's Rock. Each year we come to camp renewed. We spend our summer in "Paradise" here at Buck's Rock. But we, like the phoenix, feel our time in Paradise draw to a close as the summer ends.

We do not just leave, but shine in a day of glowing performances, exhibitions, and beautiful song that we call Festival. The day turns into night and people leave as the fire burns on. The next morning, nothing is left but the sweet smelling remnants of a wonderful summer. Out of these ashes stirs a new bird. Part of the old bird remains, as old campers and counselors return, but it is a new bird that returns year after year to Paradise, following a journey to bury the old phoenix. We are always accompanied by a flock of birds: the friends who will be with us forever.

The cycle begins anew, always a new phoenix coming back to Paradise at Buck's Rock, but still a phoenix returning. We are the phoenix and every time you read this, you will remember how, for a summer of five hundred years, you lived in Paradise.

Yearbook Dedication: Dr. Jonas Salk
by Beth Kalisch

In America we have extended the definition of a hero to include any successful athlete or actor. The trial of O.J. Simpson is a current example of this. But while we can admire and appreciate celebrities for what they contribute to the world, we can't forget who our real heroes are.

* * *

In the 1940's and 50's, the polio epidemic hit America hard. Poliomyelitis is a potentially fatal disease discovered in 1840. The effects of polio include nerve cell damage, leading to temporary or permanent paralysis, and respiratory failure. Polio patients whose lungs had become paralyzed had to spend the rest of their lives living in "iron lungs", early respirators that prevented patients' movement. The disease was called "infant paralysis," because its most common victims were children. The summer polio reached its peak, families were afraid to go to public pools or beaches for fear of infection. Charitable programs such as the March of Dimes raised money for polio patients and research being done to help stop polio.

The polio scare also touched Buck's Rock in 1949. Festival, which was traditionally open to any visitors who wished to see our camp, was cancelled that year because of feelings by some parents that it would not be safe. Ernst sent the letter reproduced on the following page and a copy of the 1949 festival program to parents, explaining his decision.

Jonas Salk was a medical research scientist who, after working with other doctors to find a vaccine for influenza, started to battle polio. Scientists all around the world shared discoveries they had made in their searches for a vaccine. Finally, in 1954, Jonas Salk's vaccine against polio was approved. Children usually terrified of shots "lined up with [their] arms out because [they] were so terrified of polio."

In 1952, there were 57,879 cases of polio reported in America. This declined to only a few cases each year due to the vaccines of Jonas Salk and the later oral vaccine of Albert Sabin. In 1991, polio was officially eradicated from the Americas.

* * *

"I regard these as the true heroes," says Ernst of people like Jonas Salk, who, through their creative genius, have made a difference in the world, and saved lives.

BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP

NEW MILFORD, CONN.

Tel. New Milford 1075

Dear Parents,

It is with great regret that I have to tell you that the Buck's Rock annual festival will not take place this year and Buck's Rock will remain closed to visitors.

As you know, I have written twice to you in regard to our festival. From your reaction, I gathered that the majority of the parents were in favor of it, but quite a few expressed doubts as to the advisability of holding it, due to the nationwide concern over the polio epidemic.

Had it been left to my judgement alone, I, like the majority of the parents, would have wanted the festival to have taken place. It was, however, necessary for me to postpone it to a possible reunion in winter, in view of the fact that the number of parents who wanted me to do so, was large enough to be taken into account.

I have postponed the festival with deep reluctance, as I know the importance of this traditional event to the campers of Buck's Rock. It is an important emotional experience for them; a vital transitional step in the process of growing up. To them the festival is more than a day of fun and pleasure. It is the day on which they say to you: Come and see what we have accomplished during our summer at Buck's Rock. To present the results of their efforts to the outside world is of major importance to them. It gives them a sense of pride and dignity to enter the adult world on a basis of accomplishment.

Because I recognize and appreciate the meaning of the festival to our campers, I had hoped almost to the last day that it still could have taken place. It was only during the last three weeks that all their efforts developed into the remarkable results that they wanted you to see and I am truly sad that you as well as they should have been deprived of this experience.

Since I might not be able to see all of you, I would like to take this opportunity to tell you what pleasure it had been to watch the growth and development of your children this summer.

P.S. Since our campers had printed this invitation, I am enclosing it on their behalf to give you an idea of the program your children had prepared for you.

Most sincerely,

Ernst Bulova

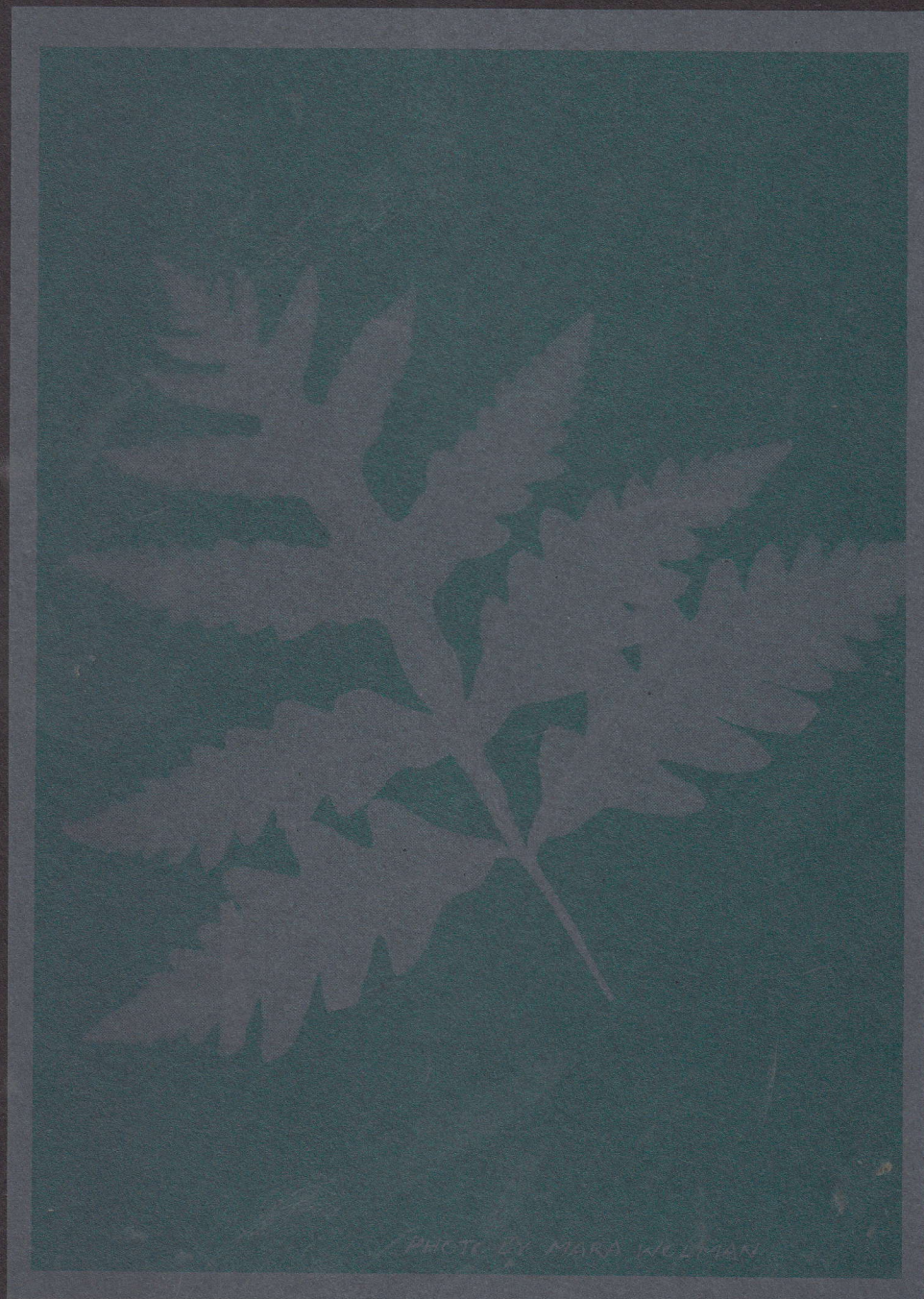


PHOTO BY MARA WELTMAN

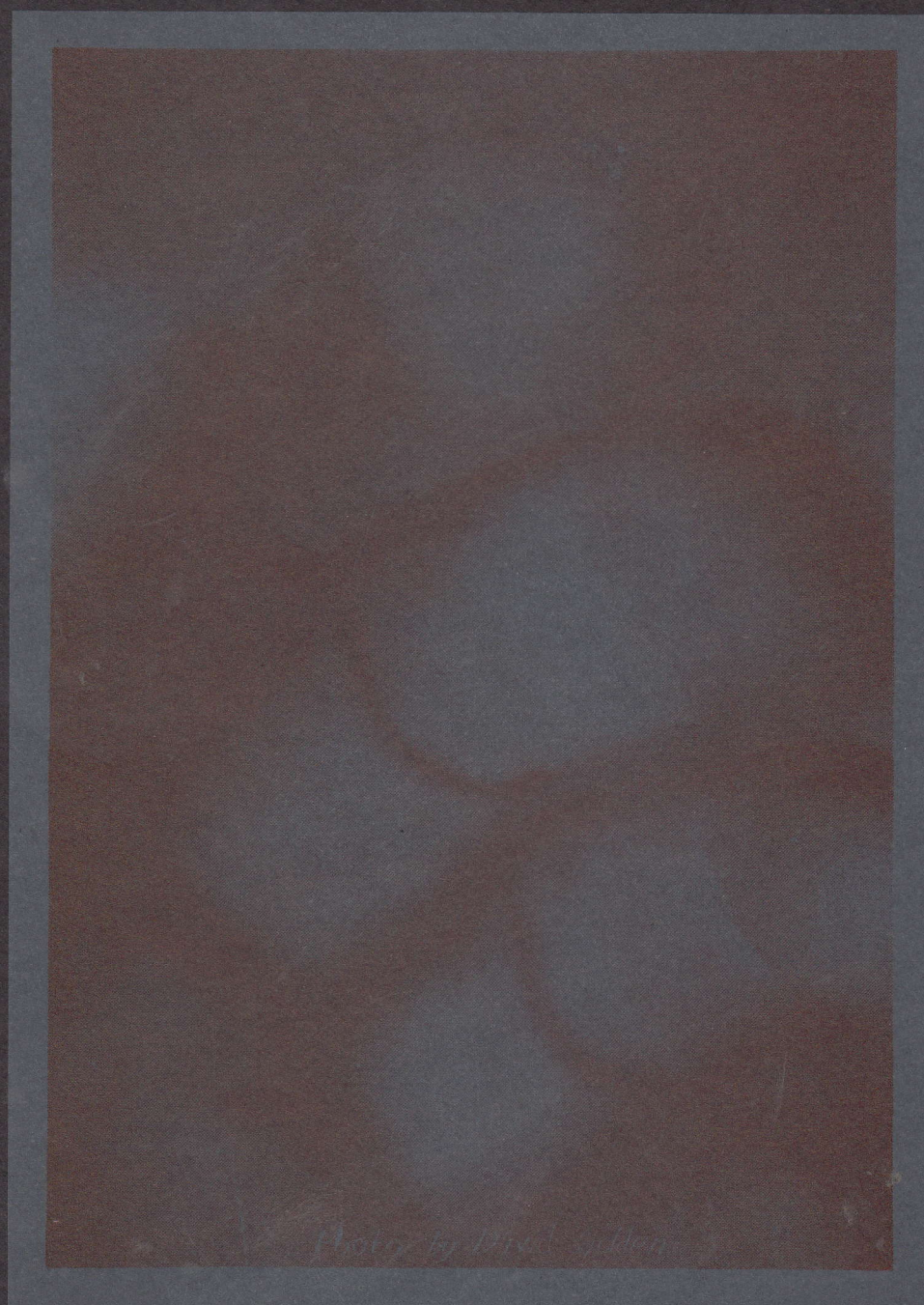






photo by Bari Zibrak



Visual Arts

Drawing by Russell Hassan

"Methinks my own soul must be a bright invisible green."

-Henry David Thoreau

"To me every hour of the light and darkness is a miracle, every cubic inch of space is a miracle."

-Walt Whitman

Foto Shop

Respectfully Submitted,
Adriane Sandler

We are the photo shop, the mighty, mighty Foto Shoppe. Everywhere we go, people want to know who we are, so we tell them. Okay. Foto shop has been great this year. We've listened to groovy music, been toned, smelled wonderful, and fixed our clothes. Also we've always been sweet and cordial to each other. Our Foto shoppe counselors - Ann, Geoff and Mike - have taught us everything we've ever wanted to know but were afraid to ask. Karyn and Avi, our JC's, have taught us to dance. David Golden, a CIT dude, takes groovyphunkypsychohipplywackyfreakoartsy photos. Priscilla Ulmann, the mack-mommy CIT, is a RAD photographer. As for me, well, I've had a great time as a Photo CIT

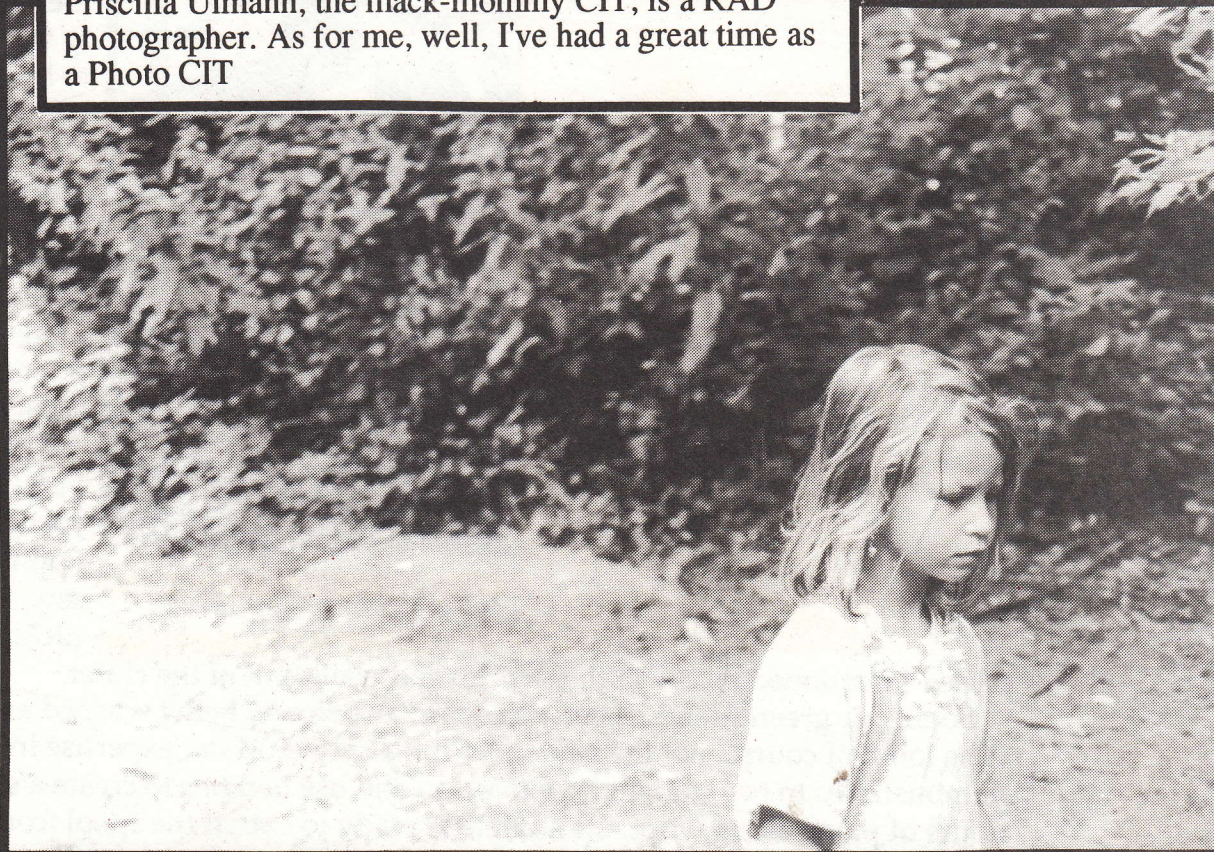


photo by Rachel Brown



Forrest Green

by Marisa Escolar

One spool of forest green pearl cotton sits on a shelf among many identical spools of the same hue. No spool is distinguishable from the other, except in the amount of string remaining on each one. All of a sudden, the zen of the string is broken by a voice. "Is there a C.I.T. here? I wanna make a belt."

"Jessica? Spiller? Lapine?" another voice calls out.

"They aren't here," a third voice replies, "but I can help."

This is the most exciting news the pearl cottons have heard all day. The shop is so filled with tapestry weavers, like Rea-Chill La-pine, Rea-Chill Spill-er, and Geary Jones (who pass over them because

of their dull textures), they are excited by the prospect of a belt weaver.

Belts offer the opportunity to leave life on the shelf to become something exciting.

"Here." As the voice enters the yarn closet the spools recognize the voice as belonging to Mryza S-Cola-R, weaver extraordinaire. "Pick some yarns out and we'll get you started."

The girl stares at the pearl cottons and each spool holds its breath, hoping to be the one chosen. After an eternity, she picks our forest green

friend (mentioned before in this article) and walks out of the closet.

Soon, our green friend is on a peg board and slowly being warped around Jan Brady. (The loom of course, not the person.) Mryza shows off her expertise in belt making as she demonstrates to her student how to tie on and use heddles to create a shed. Finally, after hours of painstaking work, the student is ready to cut off the spool from the warp. The remaining string is disappointed to be stuck on the spool, but the string on the loom is tremendously excited to be on its way to becoming a belt.

Then comes the time to wind a shuttle. More of our forest green friend is cut free from its monotonous life in the weaving closet. It is off to see the world.

Slowly, the girl weaves the string into her warp and chats with the friendly staff. All around her she sees finished projects that used to be just random strings. The beautiful community tapestry and the rugs hanging around the shop inspire her to keep going with her work.

Thirty minutes later, she is ready to cut her belt off Jan Brady. A silent cheer rises up from the pearl cottons as they wish their comrade, the forest green string which has just metamorphosized into a beautiful belt, good luck



BARGELLO

by Bargello Groupies

"Ladies and gentleman! Boys and girls of all ages! I regret to inform you that Bargello is cancelled today. Bargello is cancelled today," intones Zen master Alyssa Firger over the P.A. The heart wrenching shrieks of dismay are even more audible than when the canteen is closed. Another day goes on without bargello needles. Another day of precious bargello time is lost. It could have been a time to reflect, a time to grow as a person, to become one with the canvas. Another day goes by without the wisdom of the Zen master.

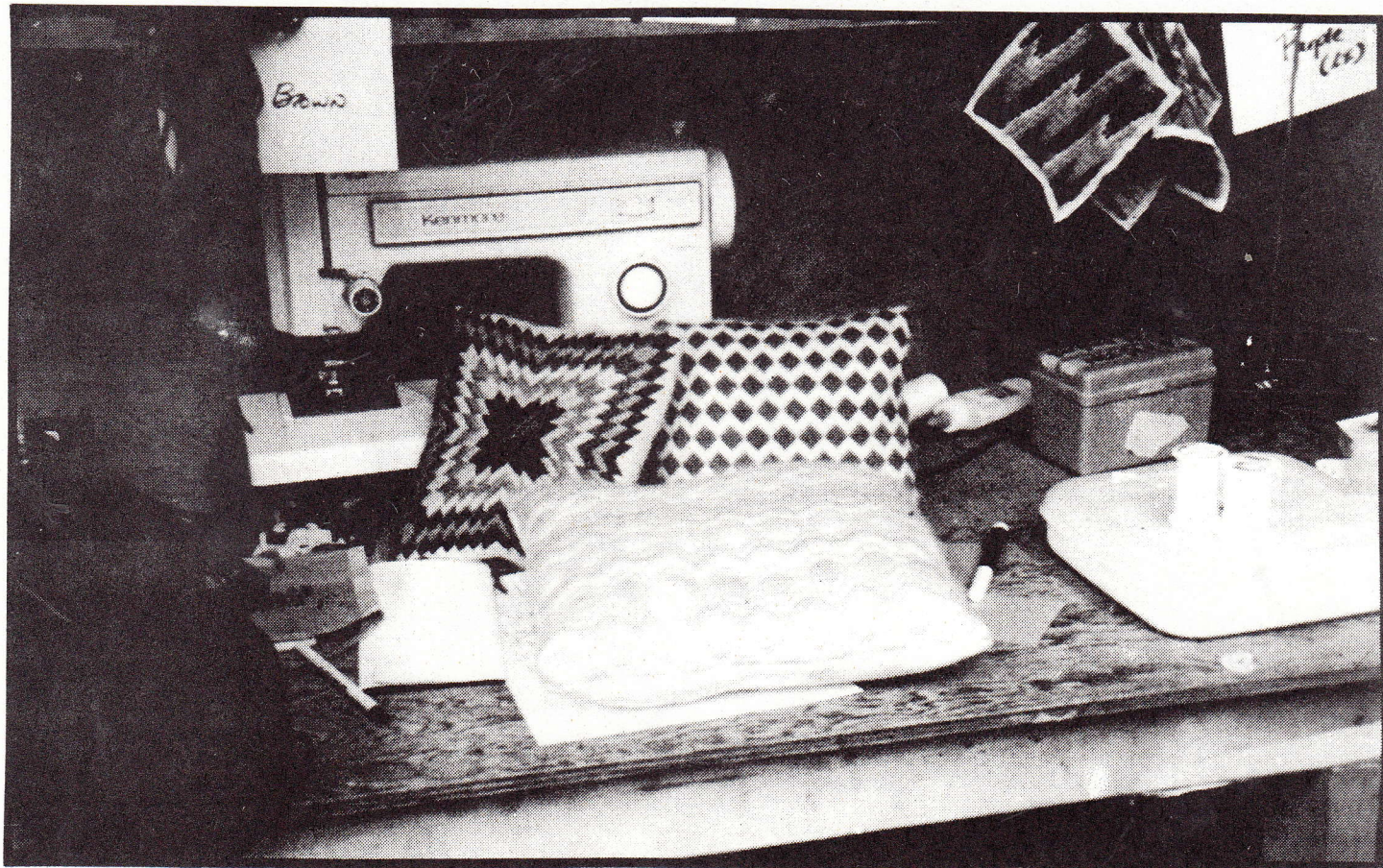


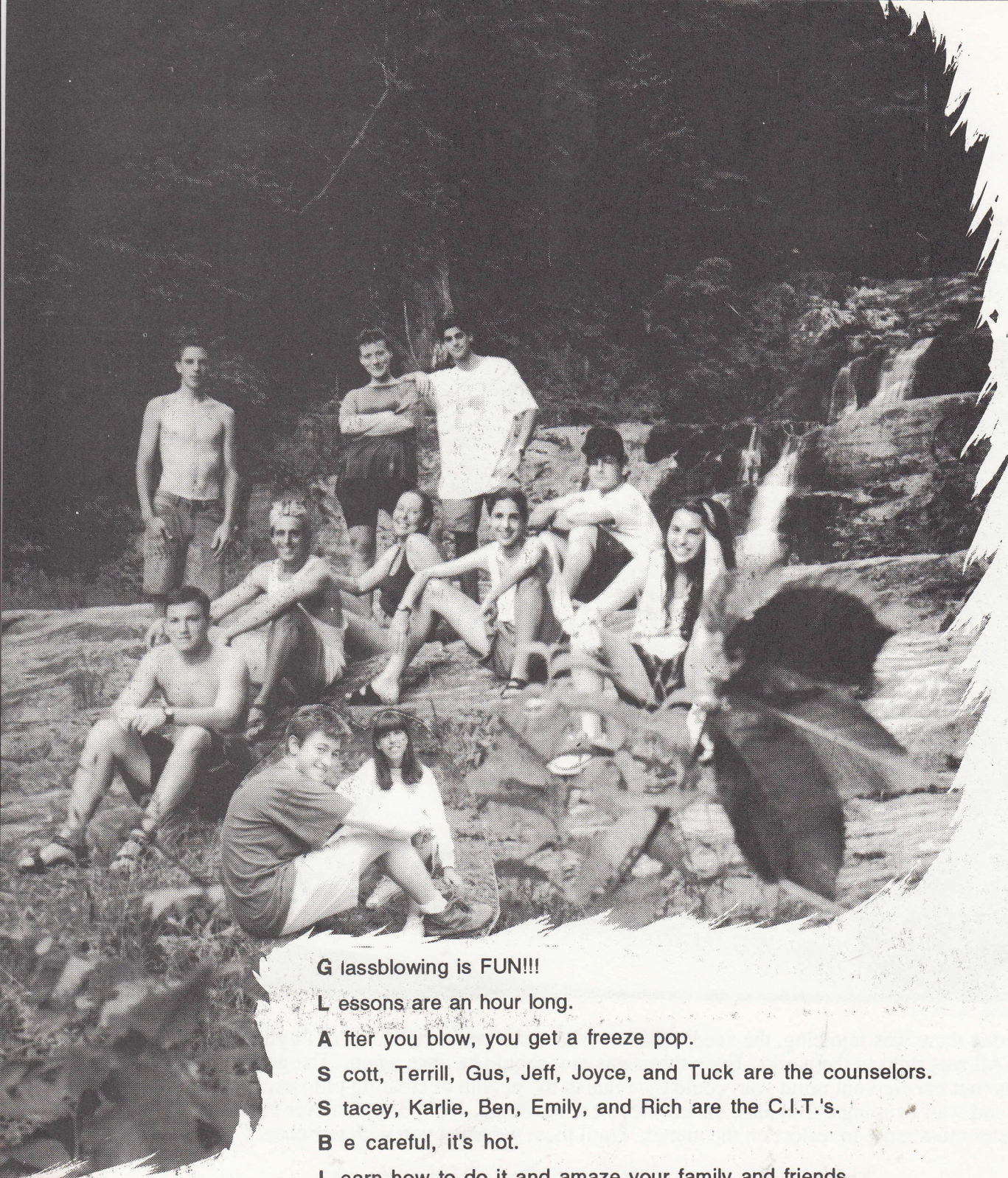
Photo by David Astury

Then one day there was rejoicing, the needles had arrived and were in the hands of Phyllis, the winged messenger. All was right in the world. Everything was as it should be once again. The geometric stitching of canvas (not needlepoint mind you) could continue in the pursuit of creating pillows, purses, bookmarks, and wall hangings. But alas, the needles were too small. Will Bargello ever be the same? The Zen master must retire to reflect on the matter. Until then, we leave you with our cheer.

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Bargello
Stitch on.

The Bargello Groupies

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G lassblowing is FUN!!!

L essons are an hour long.

A fter you blow, you get a freeze pop.

S cott, Terrill, Gus, Jeff, Joyce, and Tuck are the counselors.

S tacey, Karlie, Ben, Emily, and Rich are the C.I.T.'s.

B e careful, it's hot.

L earn how to do it and amaze your family and friends.

O UCH, I just got burned!

W ater, drink lots of it.

I nto the annealer it goes.

N ice piece, keep it turning.

G atorade, could we live without it?

See y'all next year, keep it turning!!

Written by: Stacey Gish and Karlie Stanton

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Silkscreen/Printmaking '95

by Chrissy Rand

This year we have a shortage of personnel in the Silkscreen/ Printmaking Shop. There are the two wonderful shop heads - Patricia and Cynthia. Then there is Harris in Silkscreen, our slam dunking basketball man. Of course, we can't leave out the CITs: Alex and me. We'll be making one thousand copies of a print for the yearbook, shop shirts, the Buck's Rock T-shirt and all the other stuff. How much more work could we possibly have? Actually we did have one other counselor, Brian Kelly from printmaking - but he has left us to face our fate on our own.



Photo by Adriana Sandler

We also seem to have a problem with fans; they mysteriously find ways to fall out of windows. Other than that, we handle things pretty well. We also had a slight incident with the power in our shop. We've discovered that it isn't possible to use a blow dryer at certain times. We apologize to WBBC for shutting their power down while in the process of getting ours back. Speaking of WBBC - What's with the stupid prizes you give out? If you want the Silkscreen/Printmaking shop to participate in "Buck Rocks" so badly, maybe you should give out BETTER PRIZES!

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Leather

Written by Claire's extended family:
Brian Landman, Abigail Levin, and Lee Finkel

Float on down to the green submarine. Cross the drawbridge into the cozy corners of the leather shop. The summer of 1995 has been filled with many exciting changes. The biggest and most important change, of course, was the arrival of the always friendly, first ever leather CIT, Brian Landman. In addition, there was a welcome drawbridge put in to greet the head of the shop, Madame Claire and her familiar cat, Maazy. Of course, the sub is still sinking closer and closer to China everyday, but what a trip.

The favorites in the leather shop this year have not changed much from last summer. Some of the more popular items are hackey sacks, wallets, belts, bracelets . . . the sky is the limit. Coming to leather is always a good time. Not only can you create excellent projects, but the chit-chat and great stories are never-ending.



Photo by Laura Bernard



Ten Simple Steps For Making a Ring With a Stone.

by Nora Guyer, Diana Metrick and Renay Frankel.

1. You open jewelry shop door (careful of the screaming masses inside.)
2. You watch out for the jewelry shop alien (a.k.a. Kristen).
3. You are greeted by Juliet's (J.C.) gentle request:

"We have limited space in here...and it's getting sort of crowded so...if you're like filing or sanding, please move to the outside tables."

4. Disregarding this announcement, you proceed to the window, where you ask how long it will take to make a ring with a stone. Off in the corner next to the fan, you see Renay (C.I.T.) creating fantastic jewelry that she will hate, and, without fail, give to her friends.

5. While trying to get a counselor's attention, you observe Suzanne doing ballet to Brian's karaoke rendition of "I will survive."

6. Finally flagging down Kristen, you ask for silver to make your ring. She tells you to find your ring size in inches.

7. While on your knees, searching for the template, you encounter a pair of purple sneakers with green laces. You look up to see Dione's smiling face. Below you, on the floor, Diana is picking up pieces of dust, looking for someone else's stone.

8. Now that you've FILED and shaped your ring, you're ready to solder. (Unfortunately, your edges don't quite meet, as Elena points out in her American accent.) Quickly flattening the side of your ring, she hands you over to Juliet for the soldering speech.
9. After 49 tries, your bezel finally fits the stone (and hasn't been melted by Nora).
10. As you saunter over to the buffing machine, you pass Juliet and Renay in their matching shirts. After polishing and setting your stone, you are permitted to wear your ring for a few days before the shop snatches it back and locks it in the display case.

Lucky for you, Suzanne's there to clean up after you.



ART SHOP

by Elizabeth Koster (or Fizzy)

Characters:

CITs- Roger, Angel, Matt, and Fizzy (but most of the Art staff calls her Elizabeth)

JC- Marisa

Counsellors- Leslye, John, Stacy, Chris, Renae, and Charles

Painter #1, #2, and #3

Scene 1- Disorder

Stacy (*shrieking*): Watch out!

A palate of freshly applied oil paints crashes to the floor, face down. Angel edges away, walking casually to the door to avoid cleaning up.

Painter #1 (*in a heavy Long Island accent*): Oh my gawd! I can't believe this. Awl of my paints are on the floor.

Charles: We only have four CITs, it's not fair that one CIT would be here alone-- we need one to be a sink NAZI (*he grins*) and the other to sweep the floor.

Chris: Yes, yes, 'tishn't fair that one CIT should have to do all the work, don't you agree?

Charles: Elizabeth, why don't you get some paper towels to clean this up?

Fizzy (*imitating Chris's British accent*): Yes, yes, don't you agree?

Chris: That's very good, Elizabeth. You'll have to teach me the American accent. I've always wanted to know the American accent.

Scene 2- Staff Meeting

Stacy: The new staff member, Renae, is coming this morning. We're so understaffed and everything's hectic so hopefully it'll work out. She used to work as a teacher in an art school in Australia. She seems nice.

Fizzy: Did you check her references?

Stacy: No, but we know her background.

Fizzy: How do you know if you didn't check her references? This sounds suspiciously like The Hand That Rocks the Cradle.

Stacy (*giggling*): Elizabeth! She used to be a Nanny.

Fizzy: A Nanny! Even more suspicious!

Marisa lifts her head from the table.

Marisa (*annoyed and exhausted, mumbling*): God, I'm so tired. Elizabeth, be realistic. Do you really think Buck's Rock would hire a psycho art teacher?

Matt: Well, you never know. Have you ever seen The Hand That Rocks the Cradle? Man, that was awesome when the nanny took all of the air out of her asthma inhaler thing, and she was wheezing for air like this (*demonstrates her breathing*).

Angel: And when the greenhouse crashed down on her--

Charles: Guys.

Angel: All the glass cut into her--

Charles: Guys (*he gets their attention*). Come on, people really. What questions do you want to ask her when she comes? To see if she's acceptable.

Roger: Where are your references?

The door to the Art Shop opens and a woman walks in hesitantly, smiling nervously.

Stacy: Everyone, this is Renae.

Staff (*not at the same time*): Hello.

Renae: Nice to meet you.

Scene 3- Garbage can

Chris: Elizabeth, could you come over here, she's lost her ring, do you see it (*rummaging through the garbage*)? Oh. I see it. How funny isn't it? She dropped it in the garbage when she was throwing away her paints (*Painter #2 walks away smiling with her ring on*). Elizabeth, did you see my sponge? I seem to have lost it.

Fizzy (*picking up a sponge*): No, is this it?

Chris (*looking befuddled*): No, that's not it. Where is it? Where's my sponge (*Rummaging through the garbage*)? There it is, I found it (*holding it up, laughing*). It was in the garbage isn't that funny? Becky. (*Calling over to Rebecca, sculpture CIT*). Becky. (*She turns to look at him*). He enunciates his words carefully, trying to hide his British accent with an American accent. The red... fox... jumped over... the log. There, was that good, Becky?

Scene 4- Work

Elsewhere in the room, John looks over someone's painting

John: You might want to change the proportion on that face. Do you see how this eye is wider than this one?

Matt wanders over to the boy painting.

Matt: Can I see? (*The boy steps out of the way.*) Oh. It's not that bad.

Matt wanders off and puts in a Tool CD.

Matt: Tool!

John continues helping, then walks over to Leslye.

John (*muttering*): When's my break?

Roger (*overhearing*): Heh, heh. There are no breaks in the art shop!

Painter #3: Leslye! (*Leslye walks over to painter #3.*) Do you think I should use this light brown, or the white?

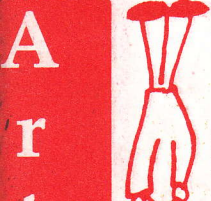
Leslye: Go with your gut!

Painter #3: Yes, but what do you think?

Leslye: I can't tell you which colors to use-- be free with it, don't limit yourself.

Painter #3: So you mean use both colors?

Leslye: If that's how you want it to be. That's what art is all about-- expressing yourself.



The Wood Shop

by Elyse Cahill and Sylvie Rosenthal

A long, long time ago in a wood shop far, far away... It is a time of naked rebellion. The wood shop counselors are striking back at the boring projects being made. The campers will only make bowls, rainsticks, checkerboards, and boxes. Steve is continually wounded, Pete has escaped on the Wind Jammer III, Chris is happily playing guitar, Jon is busy playing with Star Wars toys, and Andy is tormenting the campers "What the hell?" It is up to the CITs, Elyse and Sylvie, to let imagination and creative projects (process) survive. Who will win? All we know is:

**ELYSE
AND
SYLVIE
ARE
THE
WOMEN.**



Beth Kalisch

Andy Lees-Head of Shop
Pete Waldman
Steve Edington
Chris Rush
Jon Parley



Ceramics

by Jon Berger



Photo by Vanessa Henke



On a hill (a small one, almost non-existent) not so far away, lived a happy clay studio. Actually, in the beginning, the clay people were not so happy because their long-time king of five years, Tony, had gone on a journey of self discovery. Anyway, a wonderful new nomadic hippie queen named Tania took Tony's place. She was an excellent queen and finally everyone could be happy again. Along with the new queen came master wedger duke Frank, throwin' Owen duke Owen, gas kiln duke Bill, ceramic nerd duke Andrew, and French made duchess Miryam. There were also the noble CITs: Sarah "Sign her scroll" Kroll-Rosenbaum, Da lips shna boy Dan, Mike "rubber glove" Roth, Lara "word" Belkin, and Lani "cookie puss" Sommer. Ye old pottery shop functioned quite well in the summer of 1995, and it is safe to say that the kingdom of clay was happy once more.

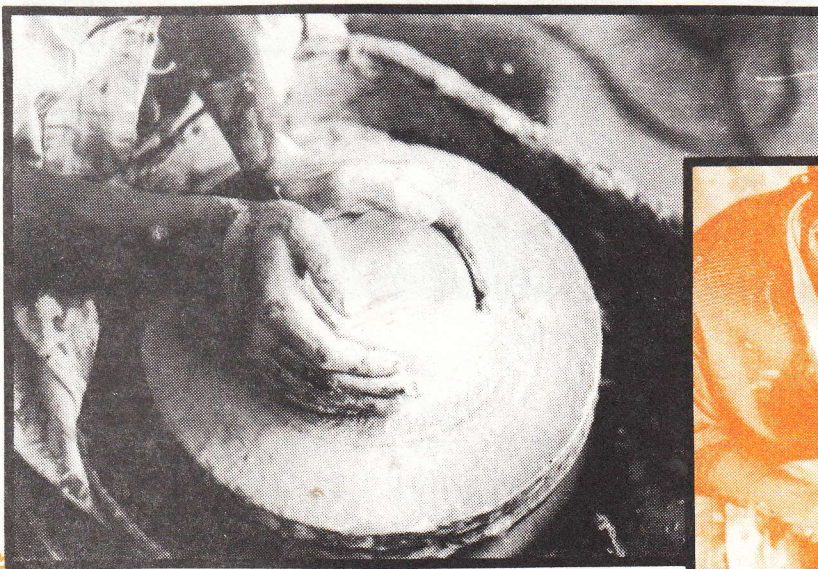


Photo by Vanessa Henke



The Computer Shop

by Joshua Arten and Neal Alpert



The computer shop is probably one of the newest additions to Buck's Rock. The technology of this shop is extremely up-to-date which makes it second to none in camp. The capability of these new high standard computers is quite impressive.

This year however, we at the computer shop decided to take a different turn and introduce something new. Instead of just playing games throughout the hours, we offered computer programming lessons and art as well which included graphics and animation. The "C++" classes and "Think Pascal" taught people to make their own programs. One of our students made his very own specialized text game in "C++." We have had people make their own banners and other graphic designs using our ink jet color printer. Last but not least, this year we have had the most advanced and intriguing games. Such games are "Return to Zork", "Aces over Europe", "Kings Quest VII", "Descent", "Under a Killing Moon", and "Seventh Guest". All of these are interesting strategy games with the most amazing graphics and sound we have ever seen.

Our staff this year consisted of Greg Humphreys, and Oilien Chong. Greg, the easy going counselor, always fills peoples hearts with wise philosophical values. Oilien, the down to business counselor is lots of fun to be around. Both are great to have as counselors and as friends. The two CITs, Joshua Arten and Neal Alpert, that faithfully assisted both counselors only during their time on duty, made this an enjoyable summer for the computer shop and we hope to have the same great time next year.

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Print Shop

by Michele Traub



As I sat in the Print Shop as a silent observer, unique music resembling a tribal chant came out of a radio in the back. Two female campers wandered about the small structure, occasionally pausing to print a bumper sticker or business card, which is quite an ordeal on the manual printing presses. On a rack in the corner, pads, stationery, and envelopes were drying. If you looked at the walls, you would find various completed projects of an unusual nature, professing love for rock bands and asking odd and sick questions. From the point of view of a silent observer, the print shop may seem odd. How, though, does it appear to others?

"I've never been there, but they look like nice people."

"The counselors are really nice."

"They play cool music."

"I love Jim's glasses."

"I like Michele's nose ring."

"They didn't make me clean the press." (Don't worry, they usually do.)

"It's conveniently situated in camp."

It is obvious that those who have visited the print shop enjoy it, and with good reason. Counselors Jim and Michele and CIT Alexis are always eager to provide assistance, interesting conversations, and their few important rules:

-Do not drink the cleaning fluid.

-You must have a sense of humor.

In closing, I will use Jim's words of wisdom:

"Print Shop is fun because there is always the threat of spontaneous combustion."

So... whaT's ?

SEWING '95

By Lori Iserson - C.I.T
& Alison Grover - C.I.T

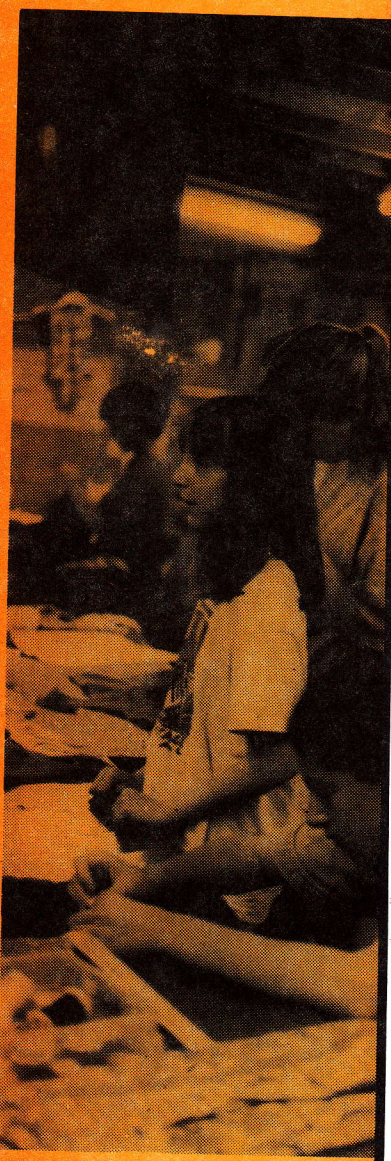


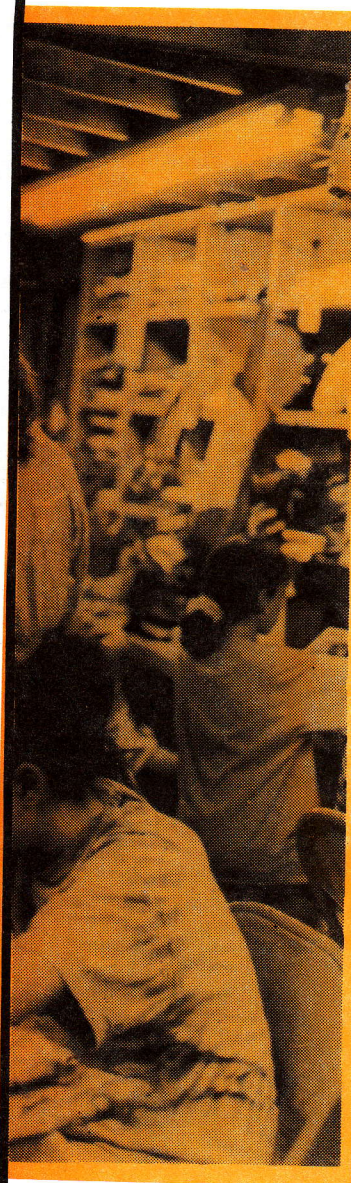
Photo by Vanessa Henke

Back in the year 1995, when Buck's Rock was the camp to go to and the sewing shop was the place to be, people's wardrobes flourished with dozens of handmade pairs of palazzo pants and tank tops galore. This was due to the frequent trips to *Carole's* for their famous dollar-a-yard fabric. Of course, a few donuts and a milkshake never hurt.

The cast and crew of the sewing shop were constantly busy helping millions of campers a day. Due to the heat wave and lack of water, the sewing machines broke frequently (or at least we'd like to think it was due to heat and lack of water). With few machines functioning and hordes of campers running to the shop at the sound of the gong, there was usually mass hysteria within the confines of the newly enlarged sewing area.

To those campers who gathered courage and ventured into the vast void of sewing, it was great having you and we hope to see you again next year. For those who did not visit the loveliest shop on camp, well.....

Special thanks to Debbie Horwits for moral support.



Fleen Shop

by Daniel Cohen, Fleen CIT

All you readers have been hoping for a cheesy fairy tale about some kid falling in the woods and finding the Fleen Shop, but no! You will not be given that pleasure. Instead, the Fleen Shop article will be just like all the others, because the Fleen Shop is just like all the other shops.

It's almost time for camp, and everything is fine and dandy. You're about to finish packing when your dear mother asks you for a Betamax for her birthday. There's not really a lot you can do. Well, slide on down to the Fleen Shop, where the Buck's Rock philosophy of "Nothing is impossible" holds true. Whether it be hair plugs or eight-tracks, things that seem unusual to the simple-minded camper (who spends every live-long day in Wood) are a piece of cake at the Fleen Shop.

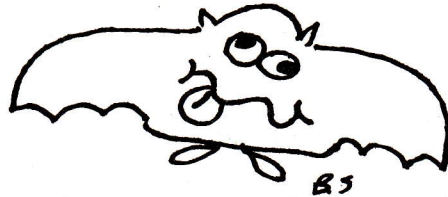
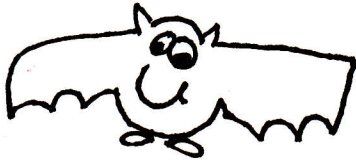


The only thing in your mind now is, "Where do I sign up?" Under the swimming pool, of course. (Thanks to Jon Brooks for that piece of classified information.) Fleen isn't exactly like all the other shops, for only in Fleen are there physical classes as well as making stuff. Every morning from nine to ten are lessons in Pig Latin from Joe Snarf, the Fleen counselor, who is fluent in over six million forms of communication. Following that is a class of the new martial art Defenestrato, the art of throwing someone out of a window. This year, the wood shop requested for Mark Hammill to be a visiting artist, but he was too busy at the Fleen Shop, teaching excited campers to make light sabers. All in a day's work!

So never be glum. When there's nothing to be done, or you need a helping hand in making your recipe of instant noodle soup, check out what's going on at the Fleen Shop.

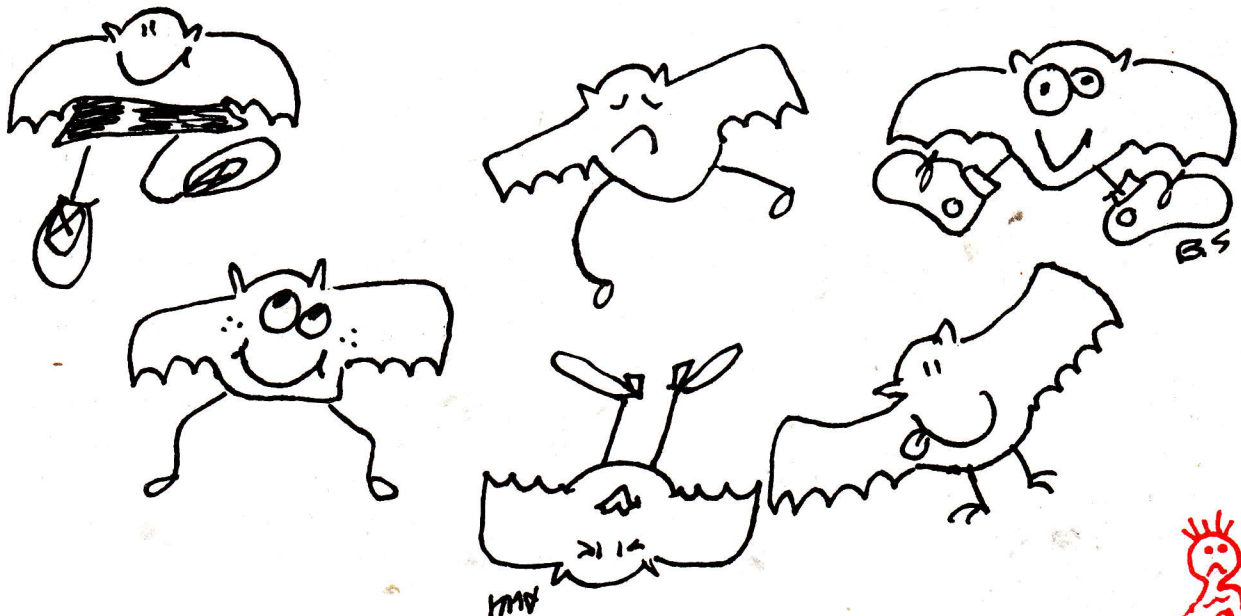
Bati Batik

by Malka Fenyvesi



AGITATE! AGITATE!! Yelps come from the Batik Shop along with cries from campers to save them from monstrous spiders that crawl out of wax pots. Luckily, Malka, the lone and brave CIT, has the power to protect these various batikers from evil spiders. In the meantime, Justine plays the "Pulp Fiction" soundtrack yet one more time on the much-fought-over stereo. Rose Marie reminds the faithful batikers that the stools are NOT for sitting on because she doesn't want to burn herself pulling them out of the wax when they fall in. Through all this, the much sunburned Anna (one of our three English Roses) continues with stoic determination to busily fix all the dyers. Marie, who chops veggies in the morning and helps in the shop during the afternoon, choruses with the other two English Roses "It's LUVERLY!" as they gaze at yet another wonderous Batik creation emerging from the dye bath. Malka gossips and chats with her cronies as they swish watercolors on their freshly made greeting cards.

We reach for another cup 'o' bug juice...oops, that's dye, and munch on a ginger "biscuit." It's just another day in the Bati Batik Shop.



SCULPTURE

by Rebecca Gordon

All that I can remember about sculpture is the time when that kid died (misuse of power tools). Oh yes, and that girl who was whisked off in the ambulance to the New Milford hospital. All of that hot wax she had downed finally did clog up the arteries. These minor inconveniences and many more have given sculpture its reputation for being "where it all happens".



Photo by Vanessa Henke

The old rusted metal in the rear of the shoppe are the only traces left of an ancient civilization. Fortunately, campers have not yet realized that the "metal grinder" is actually a guillotine. Occasionally, we decide against gluing nose tubes to the victim who is having a face mask made. My personal favorite is when a clear plastic cup of linseed oil is mistaken for iced tea and a thirsty person gulps it down. Here we have an optimistic attitude. The key is to look past these casualties and to look at the masterpieces that the brilliant campers are creating.

The counselors are all mean. Eric laughs at fart jokes and Greg is the Brit who loves to clean up rubbish. Mike has long hair and eats broccoli (even though he secretly hates its tree-like figure). He also told me, confidentially, that he is applying for a job at the S&M Tool and Machine Store. John Jeffreys, the cutie of the bunch, likes to tease CITs with hot wax in the staff closet. In contrast to the motley crew of male degenerates, our female degenerate, Staci evolved from the core of white trash in Utah and has a secret fetish for bus seats.

The main problem with the CITs is that half of them don't know how to get to sculpture. I mean, they try, but sometimes they try a short cut and always end up in Print where Jim passes out the Buck's Rock road maps to the lost CITs. Bucky is the skinny one with a dyed blue skater cut, Lowell is tall with bleached hair, Jeremy needs to hibernate, Evan is loud and obnoxious, and Rebecca (me) is that new-comer with the red dreds.

The sculpture shoppe needs to be closed down due to a lack of humour. When I visited, they would only tie me to the couch and push it backwards!





Camper Showcase

TODD KREY

HELPED are those who are enemies of their own racism: they shall live in harmony with the citizens of this world, and not with those of the world of their ancestors, which has passed away, and which they shall never see again.

HELPED are those who find something in Creation to admire each and every hour. Their days will overflow with beauty and the darkest dungeon will offer gifts.

HELPED are those who are content to be themselves; they will never lack mystery in their lives and the joys of self-discovery will be constant.

HELPED are those who create anything at all, for they shall relive the thrill of their own conception, and realize a partnership in the creation of the Universe that keeps them responsible and cheerful.

HELPED are those whose every act is a prayer for peace; on them depends the future of the world.

HELPED are those who love all colors of all the human beings, as they love all the colors of animals and plants; none of their children, nor any of their ancestors, nor any parts of themselves, shall be hidden from them.

HELPED are those who do not join mobs; theirs shall be the understanding that to attack in anger is to murder in confusion.

HELPED are those who love and actively support the diversity of life; they shall be secure in their differentness.

HELPED are those who *know*."

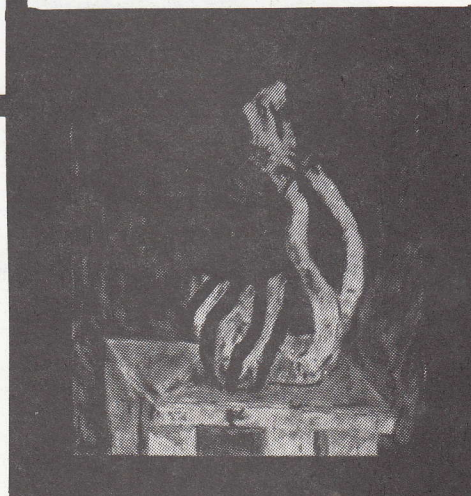
-excerpted from "The Gospel of Shug" from *The Temple of My Familiar* by Alice Walker



Painting by Micheal Eiseman



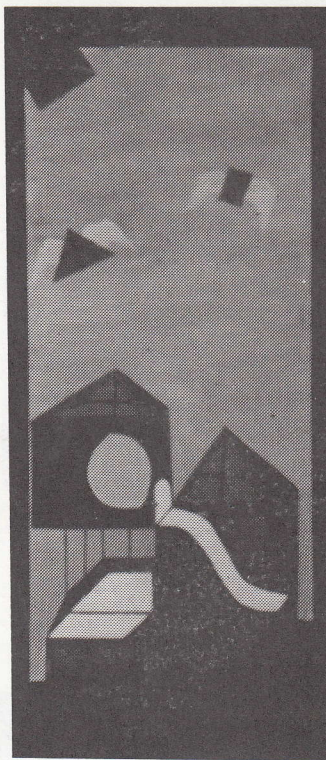
Painting by Allison Steingold



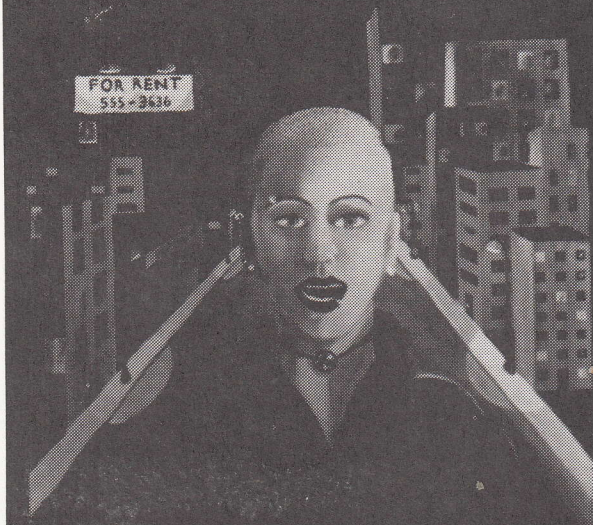
Painting by Phoebe Prioleau

Painting by Sara Roizen





Painting by
Brian Landman.



Painting by Allyson Lipton



Painting by Daniel White



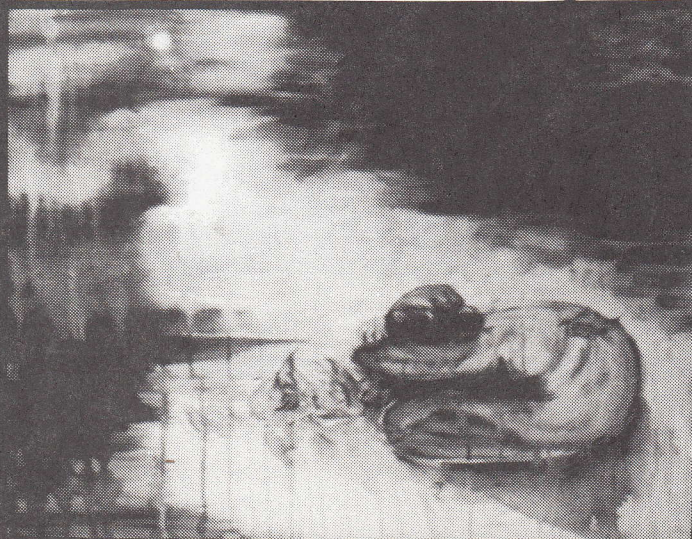
Painting by Lindsay Eckerd



Painting by Angel Vargas



Painting by Laura Fenton



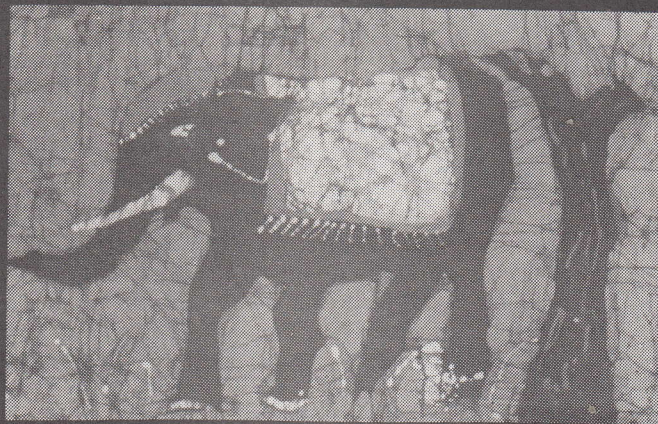
Painting by Nick Mauss



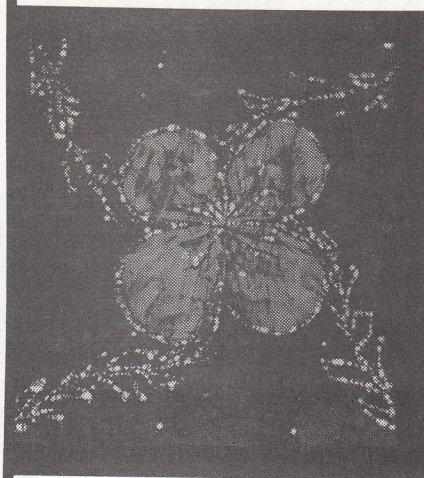
Painting by Elisabeth Karczmer



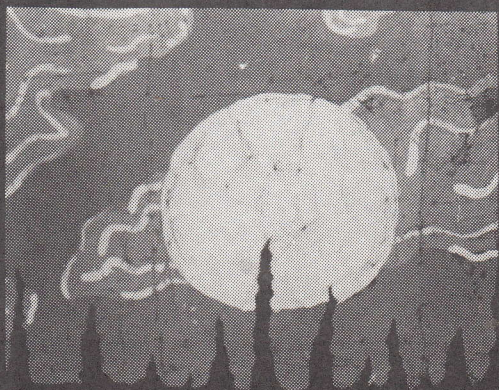
Batik by Sara Roizen



Batik by Stefanie Victor

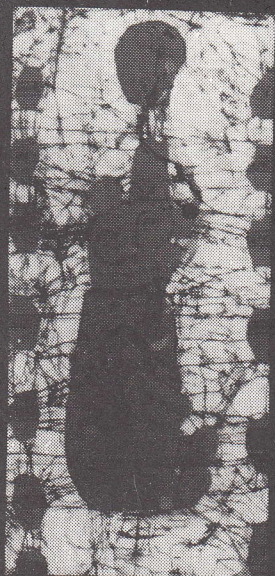


Batik by Rachel Pecker



Batik by Laura Weiss

Batik by Jessica Katz



Batik by :
Maya Swedowsky (pillow)
Gretchen Vogt (flower wrap)
Shelly Lavin (eeyore)



Batik by Alexis Renvoize

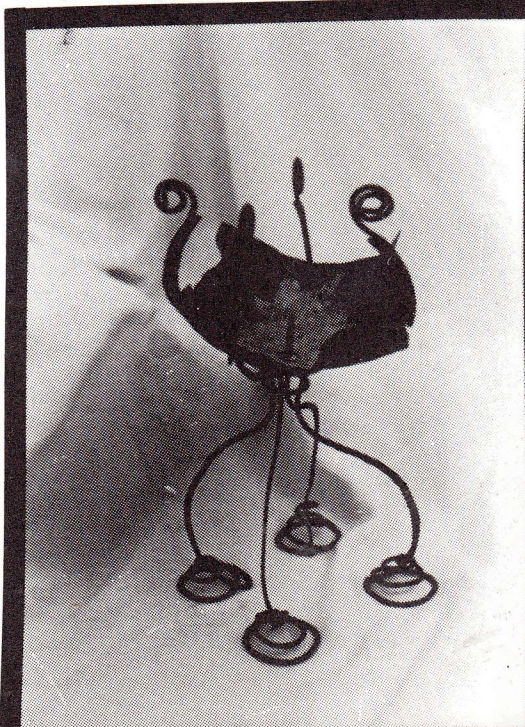
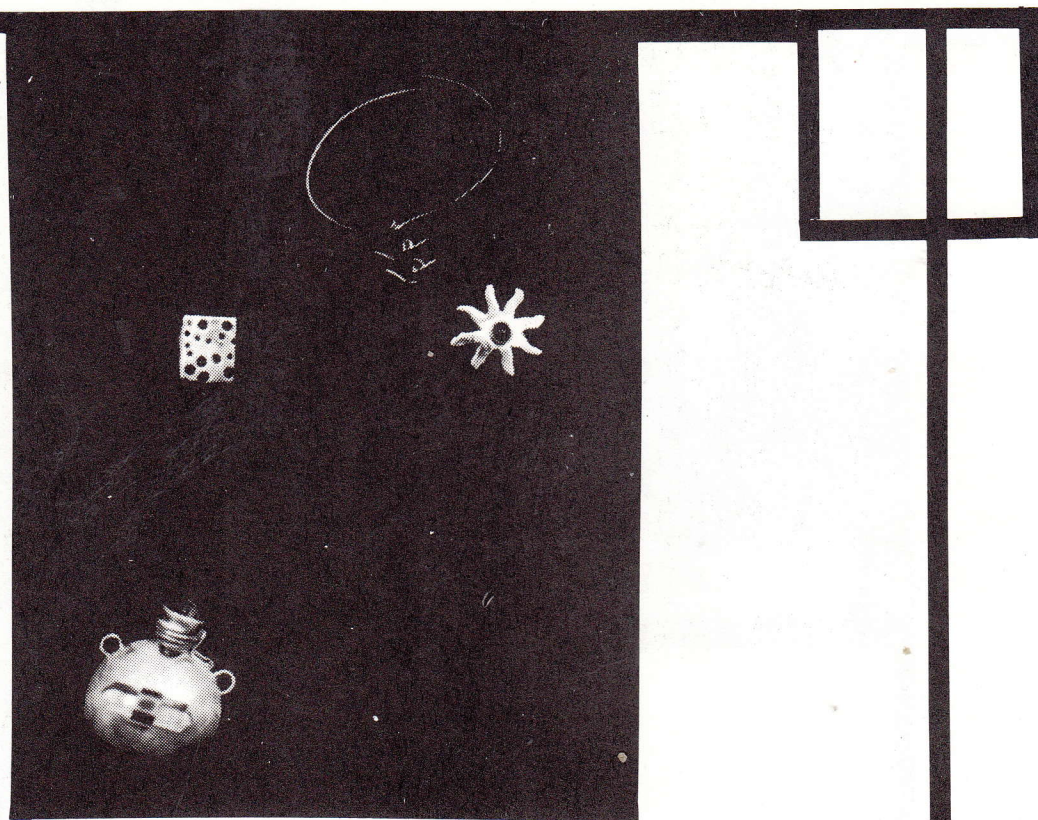


Batik by Lily Thom

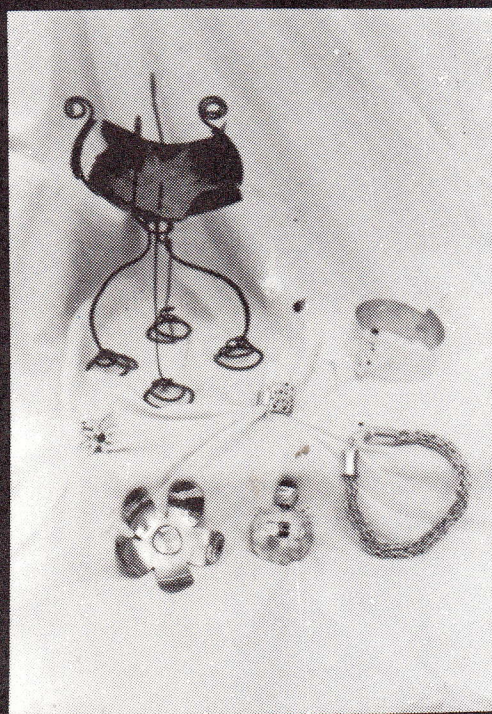


Batik by Brian Jacobs

Perfume bottle by Danya Gass
 Silver ring by Emily Bond
 Ring with holes by
 Natalie Prager
 Bracelet with stone inset
 by Nicole Moskowitz



Metalwork by Dan Franco



Flower by Allison Schultz
 Chain bracelet by Jake Bauman



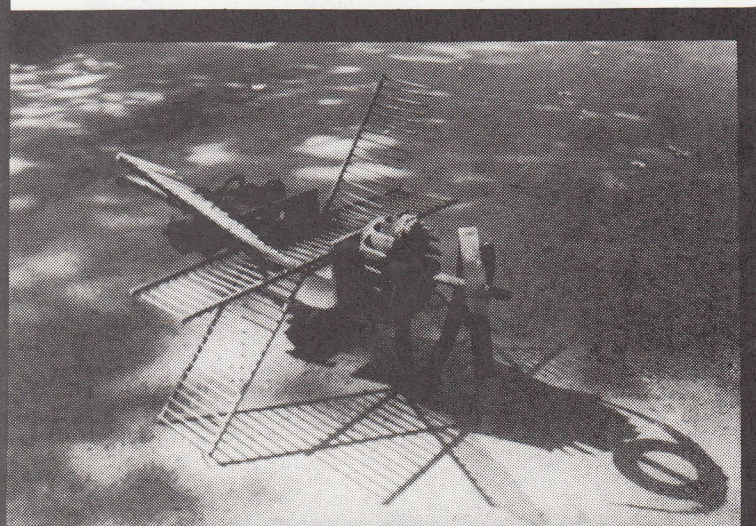
Sculpture by Kate Schapira



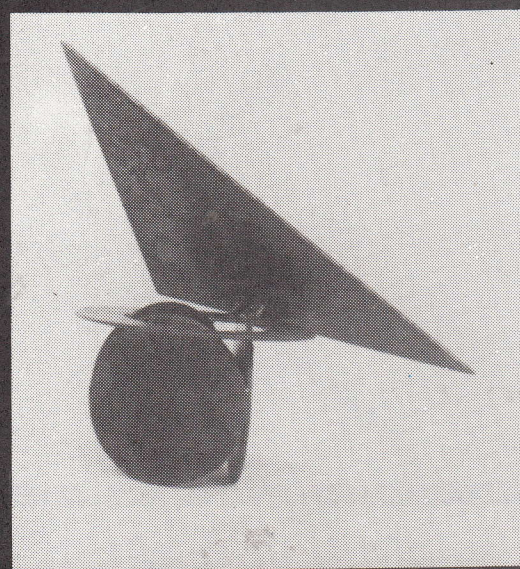
Sculpture by Adam Kirsch



Sculpture by Theo Rosenbaum

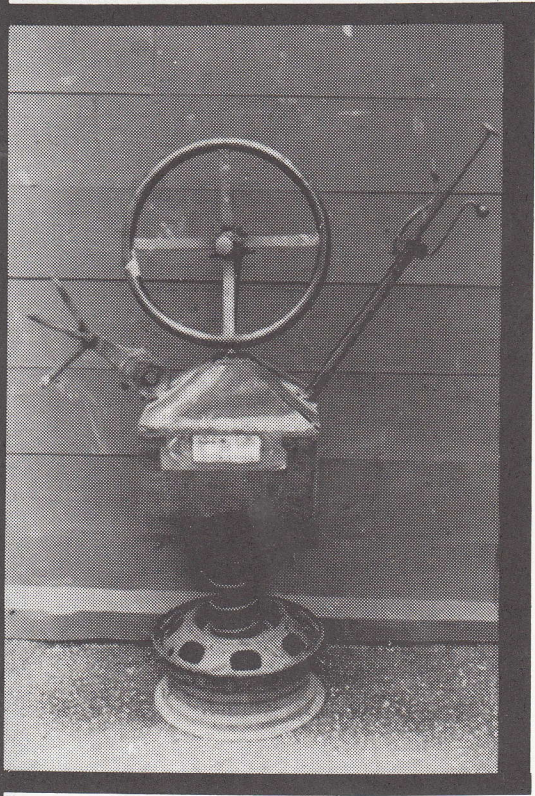


Sculpture by Adam Smith.



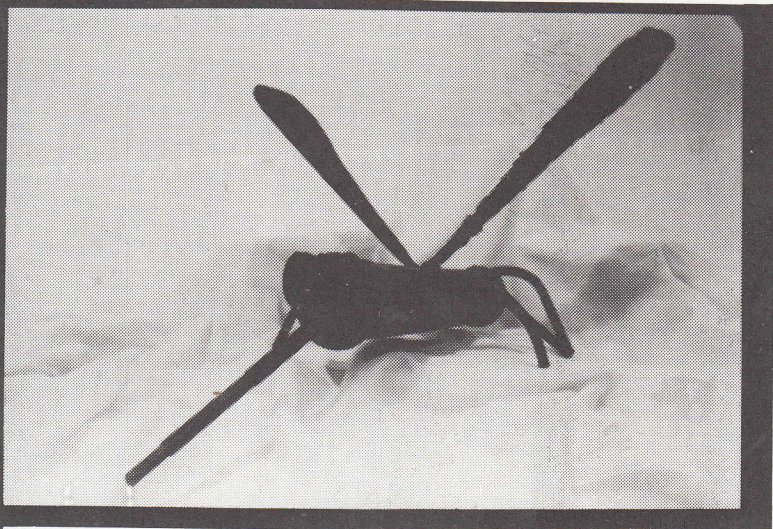
Sculpture by Jeremy Kraft

Sculpture by Andrew Dansker

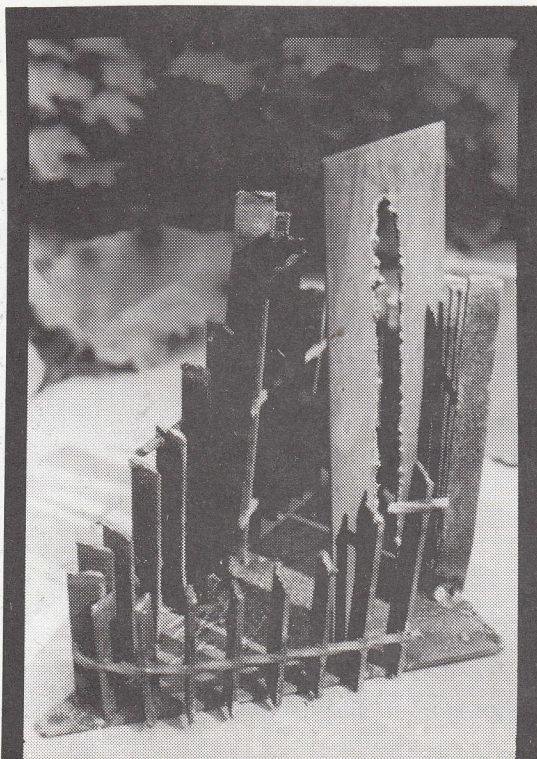


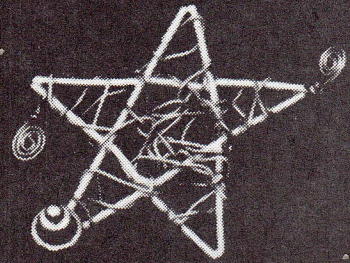
Sculpture by Theo Rosenbaum.

Sculpture by Adam Smith

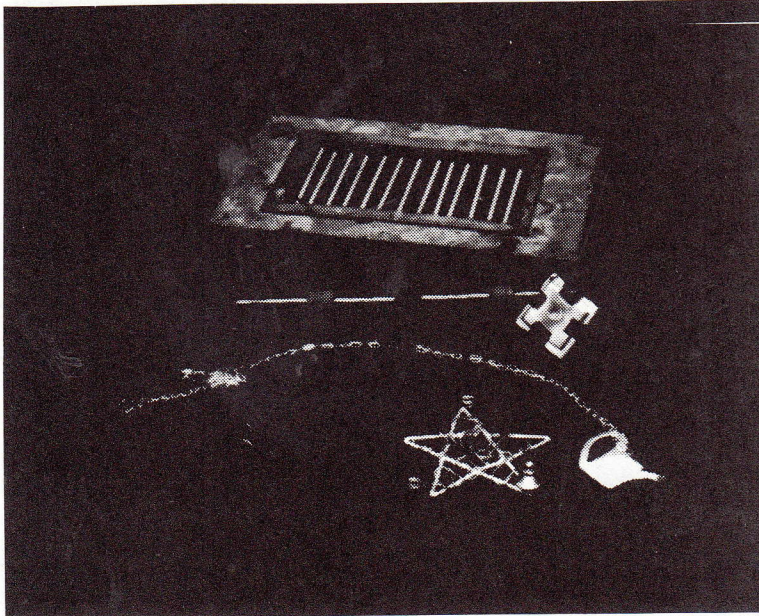


Sculpture by Theo Rosenbaum





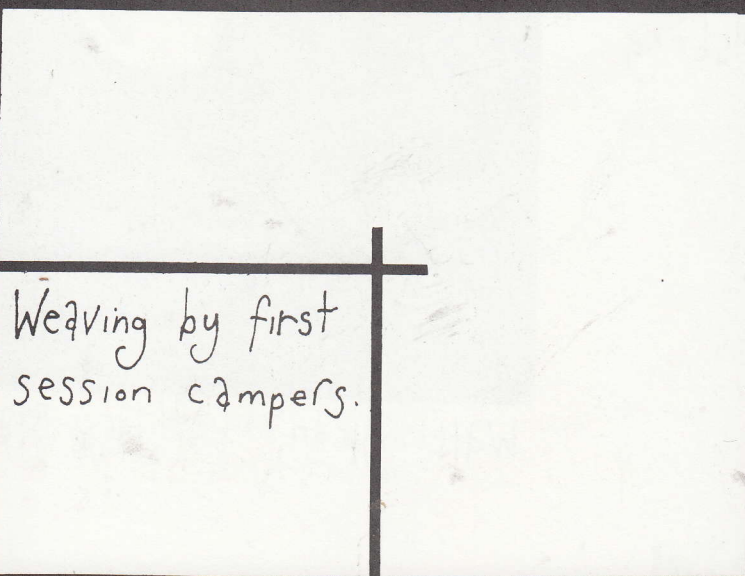
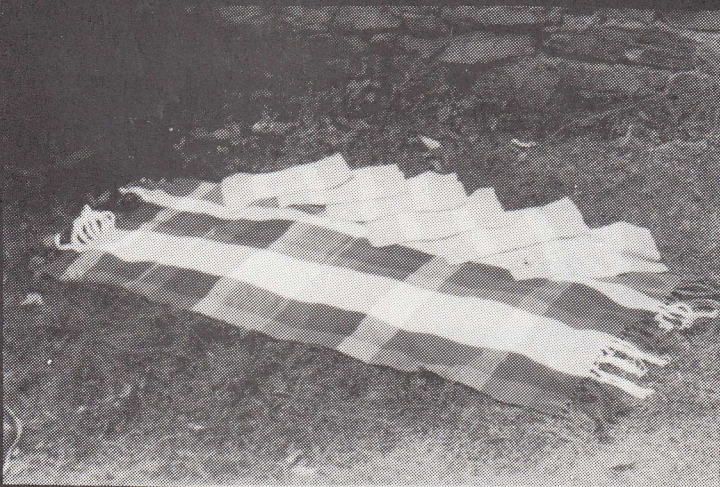
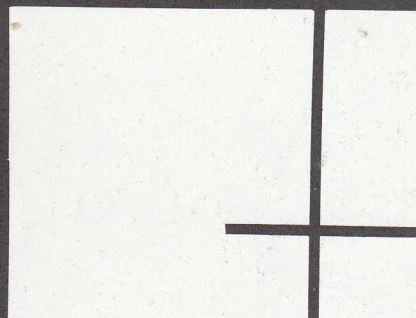
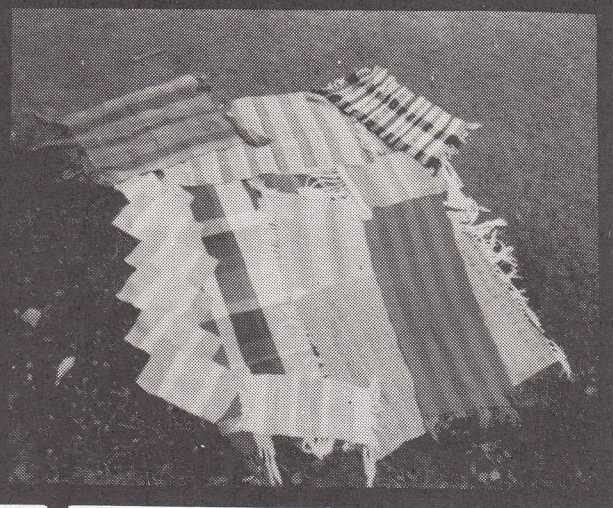
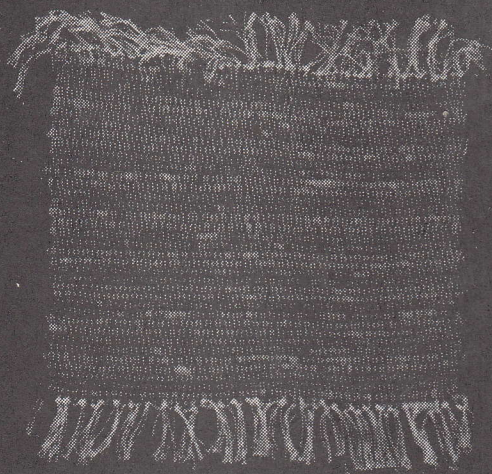
Star by Amanda Freedman.



Jewelry box by Diana Metrick
 Ring by Sharon Gorman
 Silver Necklace by Jesse Karlsberg

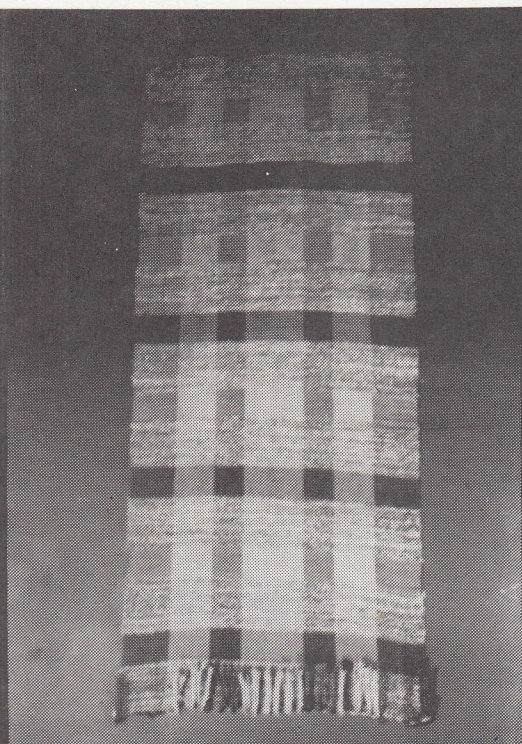
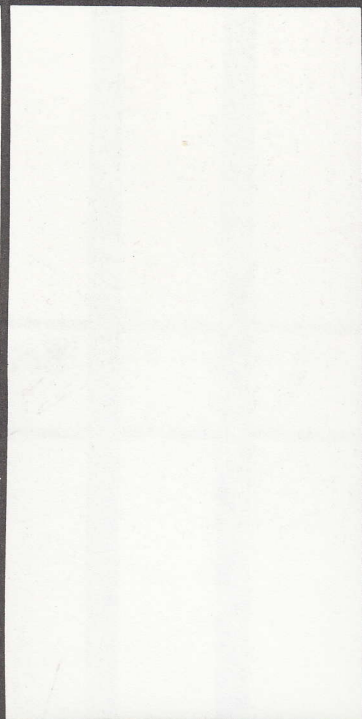


Watering can by Hilary Blair

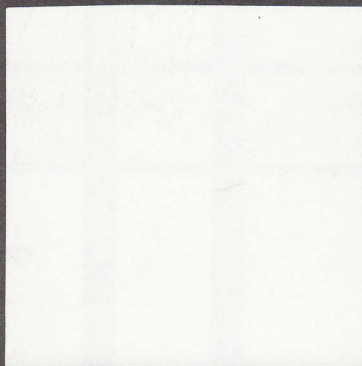


Weaving by first
session campers.

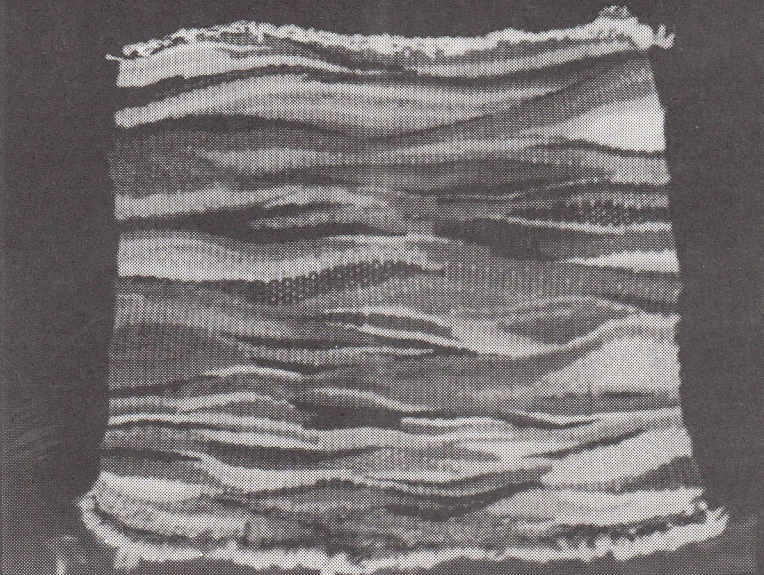
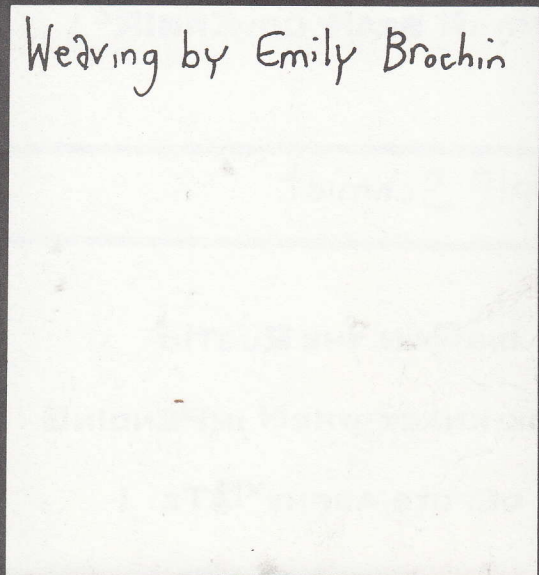




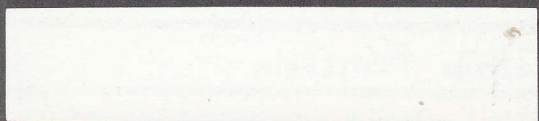
Weaving by Alison Grover.



Weaving by Emily Brochin



Weaving by Rachel Spiller



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75009 PARIS

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FAX 42 81 96 33

Brian Jacobs

EyeBall Inc



515-944-5885

Leah Weil.

Brian Jacobs

my beard

OFFICIAL MEMBER

N.R.F.F.

**National Rump
Feeding Federation**

Jake Adams & Myq Kaplan

Cameron Stern.


I LUV U!

COMET CLOVER INFUSION

PYLONIC OVERLOAD?

COVER BEAR' COVERGIRL!

Carol Faden.

Rudolf Schmidt

R^EMOTELY DISTRAUGHT KA¹³!DO

\$COPE\$ SUBDUING SW^{EET}

***ONOXODIC KRAN^ERRIES**

DISOWN THE RUSTIC

K^{NI}CK-KNACK WHEN IMPENDING

DEPOT\$ ASPHY^{XI}ATE !

Nick Himmel

Jonathan Feinstein

A RANDOM PRINT SHOP FAMILY POEM

As geranuims valiantly
fumble MY TEEMING RIBS UNCOIL MARKING
ME WITH A NEWFANGLED EXTRAVAGANCE
to refresh the diffident ingrate.
Razors flogged the brick-like substance,
and submerged the rubbish in unbridled conical frenzy.

f REFURBISHING MARE EVOLVED
FARGUALLY SOOTHING THE
DECAMP DEBUTANTE UNTIL
INDOLENT ACTIVITY PREVAILED

WHEN LOTION PENETRATES THE
spore-weaving florist
our salubrious nectar will be regaled.
As the silver diorama dickers, the tumbling
chauffeur inflates
whilst conducting
SUMERIAND ANCES IN XANTHIAN FIELDS - IT ALL
MAKES SENSE REALLY...



Garments by (Left to Right)
 Rachel Pecker, Doris Santlofer,
 Carly Lindauer, Rain Katz,
 Meredith Bernard, Leah
 Nelson and Leah
 Fisher

Garments by (Left to Right)
 Sara Tedeschi, Allison Schultz,
 Lori Feldstein and Craig
 Wasserstrom



Garments by
 (Left to Right) Kimberly
 Boodman, Gretchen Vogt
 Jessica Grose & Anna Wasserstrom



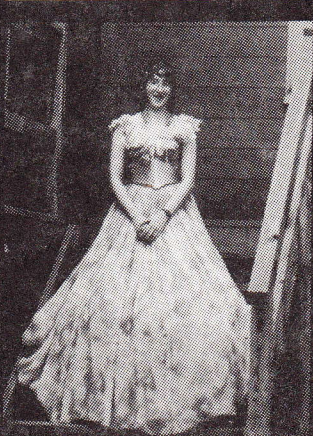
Teddy by Valerie Whitby. Bag by Carolyn O'Connor. Turtle by Bonnie Weiss. Pig by Alexis Rosenbach. Frags by Jennie Rosen. Pillow by Renge Mazzarella.



Rabbit by Elisabeth Karchmer. Chicken by Blythe Sheldon. Monkeys by Naomi Schwarz. Bear by Emily Zucker.



Cushions and bags by Katie Fisher, Liah Weil, Alexis Rosenbach, Geni Oppenheim, Johanna Goldstein and Beth Kalisch.



Dress by Caron Kramer.



Dopey Pillow by Daniel Friedman. Backpack by Nina Krauss. Placemats and cushion by Sara Gould. Taz bag by Allison Nahmias.

Glass casting by: (left to right) Emily Weinstein, Jon Feinstein, Blue
 ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ Whale?, Nora Guyer, Mike Radosh



Glassblowing by Valerie Whitby
 and Jocelyn Pekler ↓ ↓ ↓



Glassblowing by Maddy Polton, Jocelyn Pekler, Daniel Kaufman, Eric Hirsch
 Valerie Whitby, Annie Cho and Sara Tedeschi ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

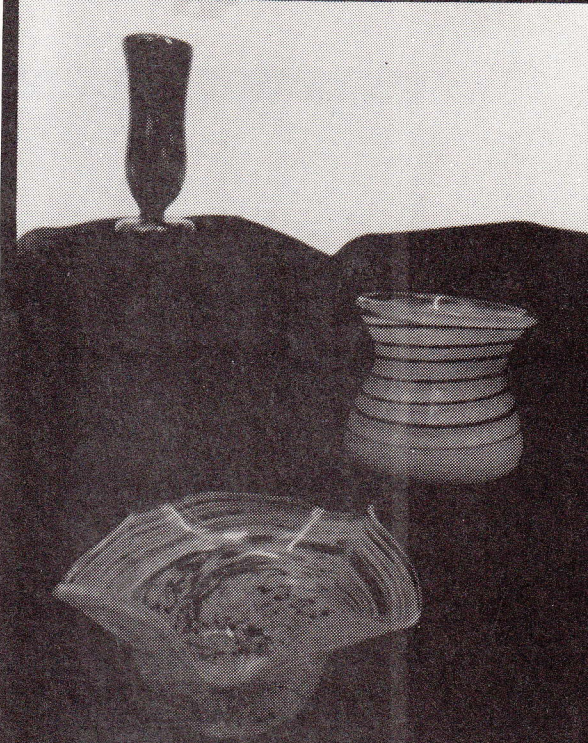


Glassblowing by Jocelyn Pekler, Lance Krieger, Sara Tedeschi
 Valerie Whitby, Matthew Langille
 Allison Glazer and Alison →
 Steingold →
 →



← Glassblowing by
 ← Annie Cho

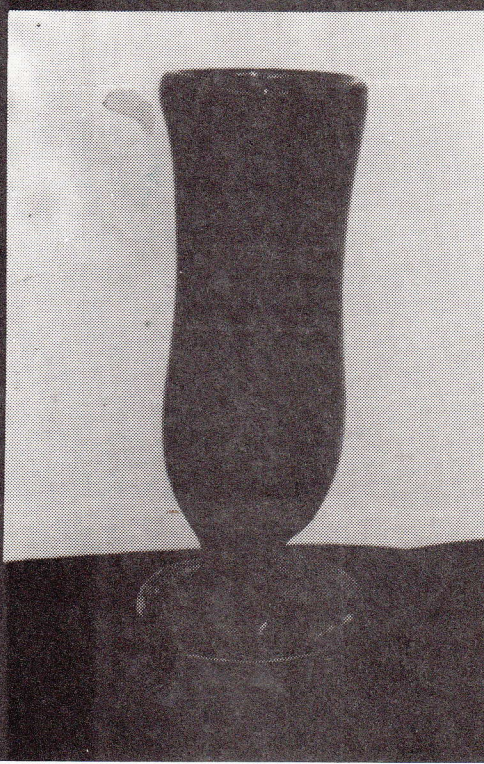




Wavy bowl by
Alex Bradspies



Vase by Karlie Stanton



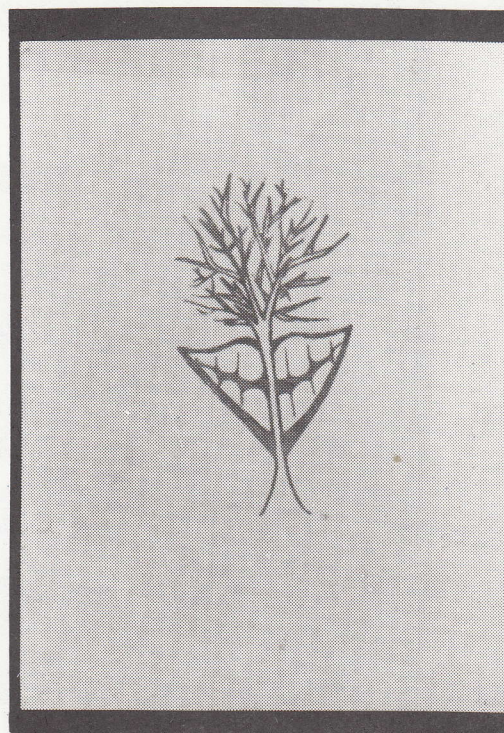
Vase by Richard Scott



Bowl & Vase by.
Liz Potenza



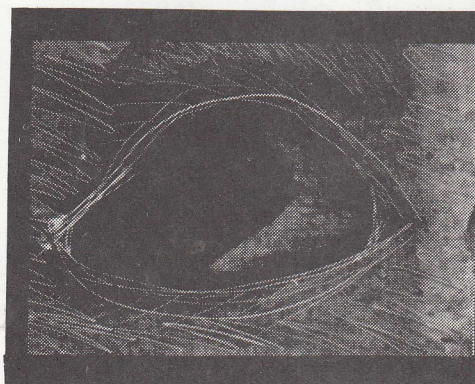
Print by Ilana Solomon



Print by Annie Cho



Print by Peter Licalsi



Print by Chrissy Rand



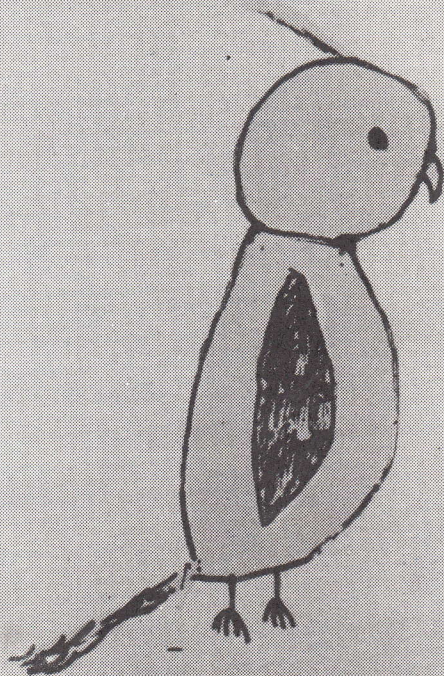
Screenprint by Arden Stern



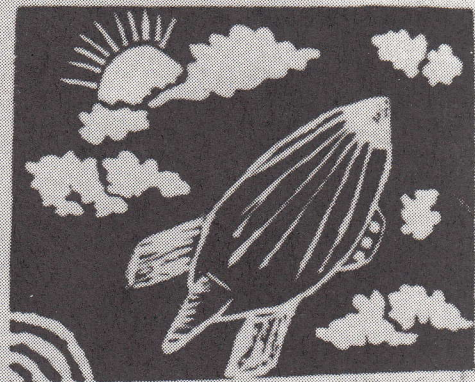
770/1000

A. KIMBLE

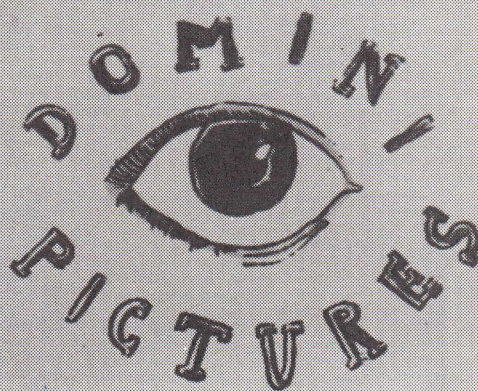
Phred



Print by Kip Paroo



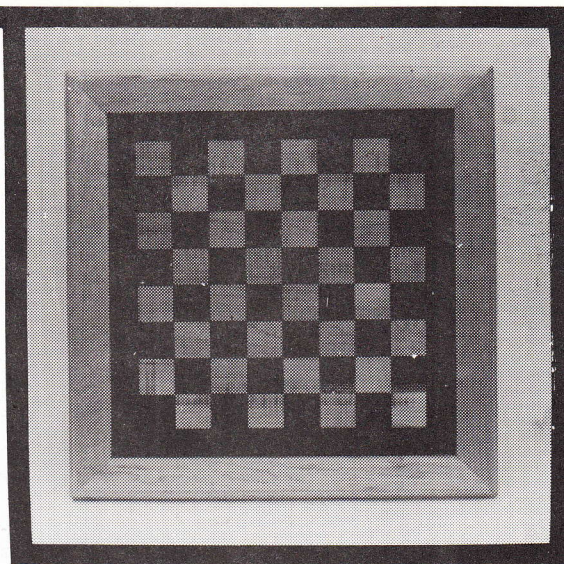
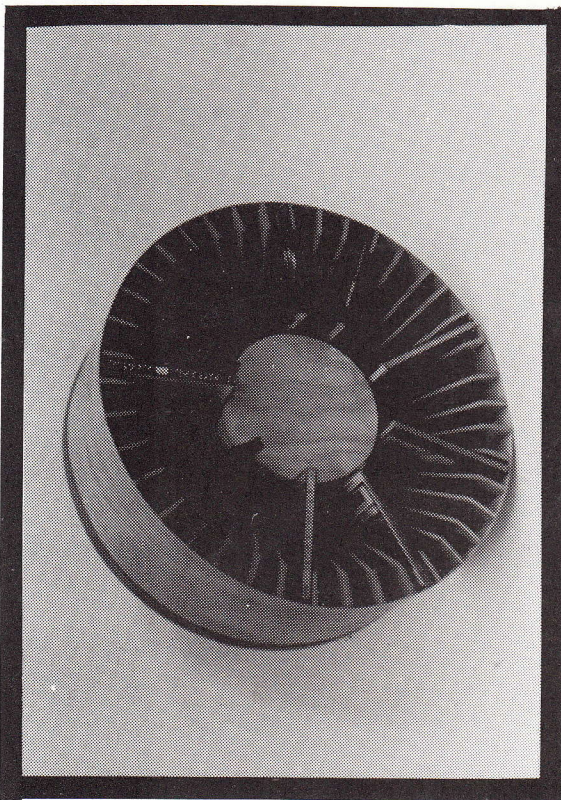
Print by Nora Griffin



Print by Teddy Stern



Print by Annie Cho



Wood by Whitton Algar

Wood by Terence KooYker

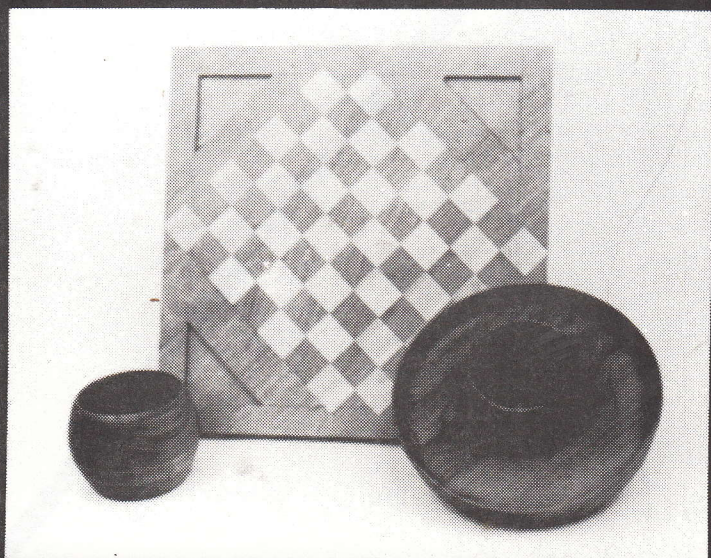
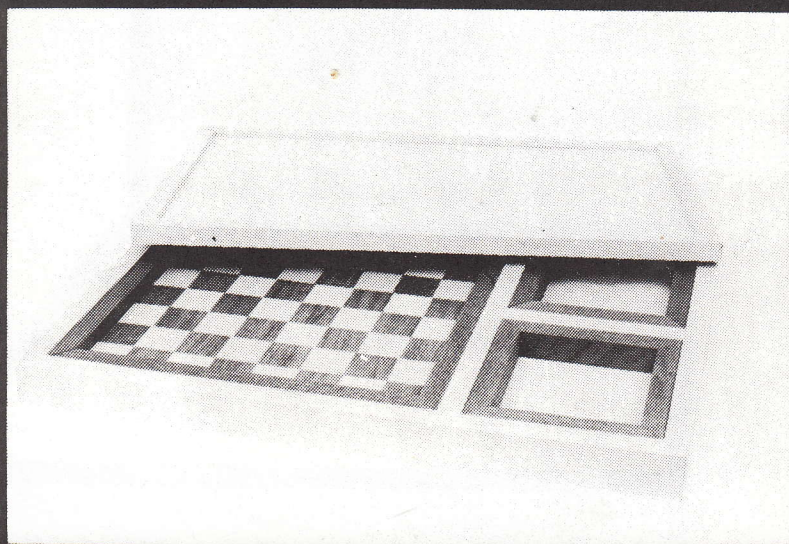
Woodenplate by Gwen Kelly
 Wooden goblet by Andrew Casey
 Wooden vase by Emily Brochin.



Wood by Josh Leitner



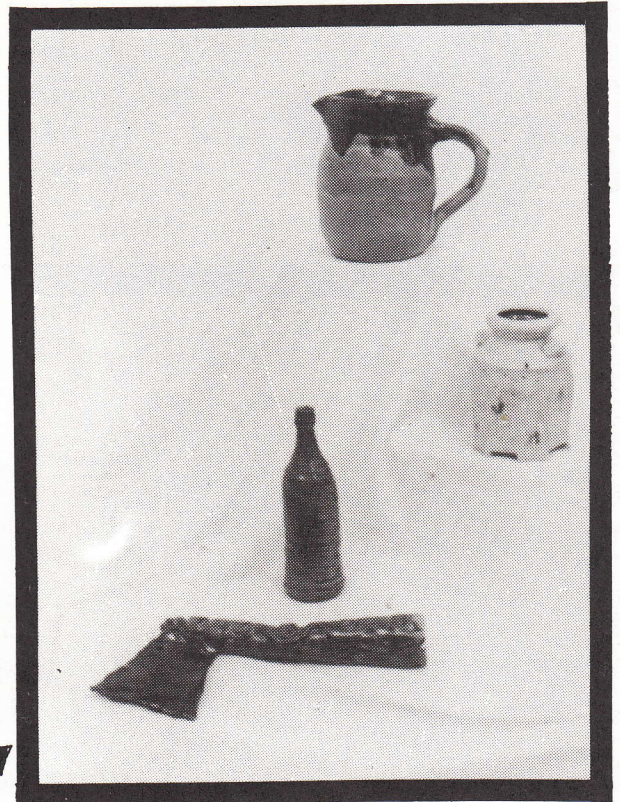
Woodwork by Dan Rubin



Chessboard by Erica Berman.
Bowl by Hillary Cohn
Smaller Chessboard by
David Azoulay



Ceramics by Sara Kroll-Rosenbaum

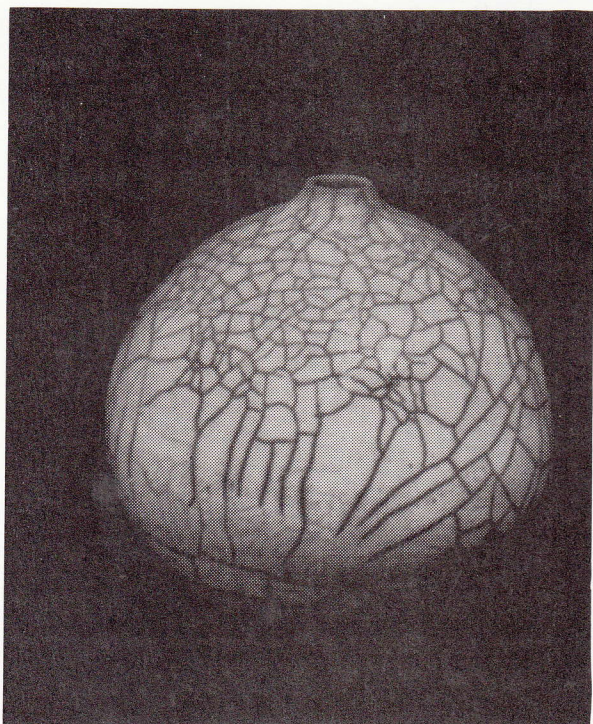


Ceramic bottle by Elisha Goodman
Axe by Jamie Kauget
Pitcher by Lance Krieger
Bowl by Tessa Roush.

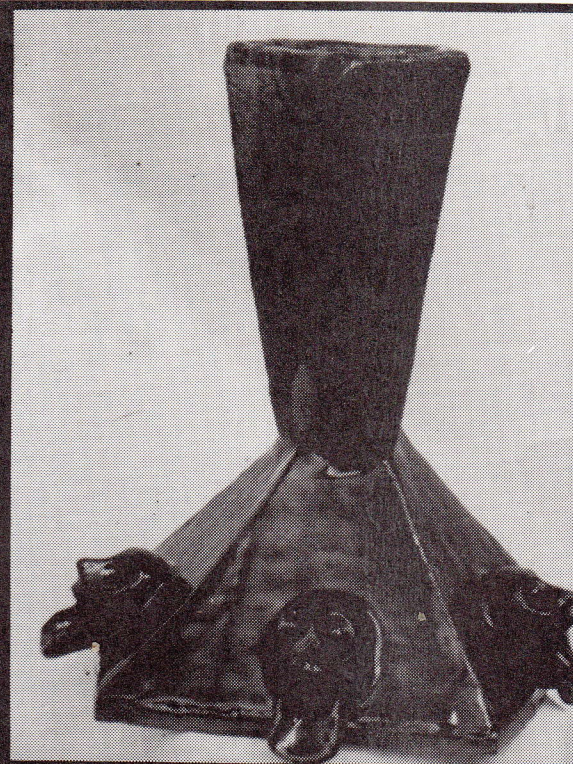


Teapot by
Laura Cantor,
White vase by
Jonathan Berger,
Plate by Laura Weiss,

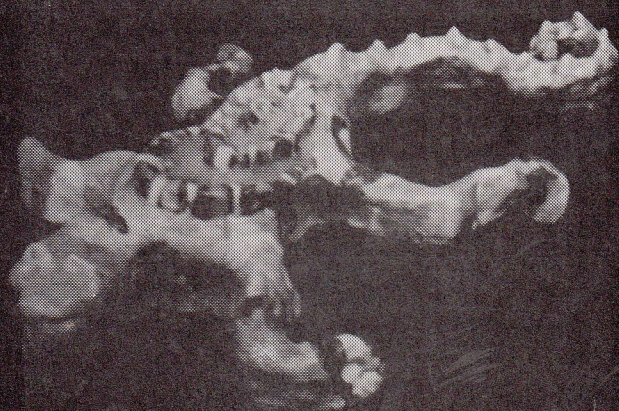
Cup and Saucer by Lisa Schulman, Mug by Adam Bille, Goblet by
Lara Belkin and White bowl by Tessa Roush



Ceramics by Jonathan Berger



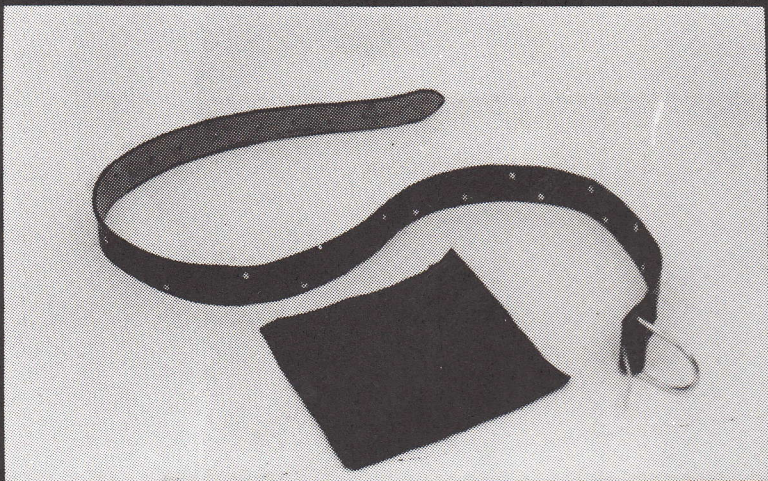
Ceramics by Arden Stern.



Ceramics by Rain Katz



Ceramics by Tessa Roush.



Leather belt by Liz Erlich
Leather wallet by Nick Weist



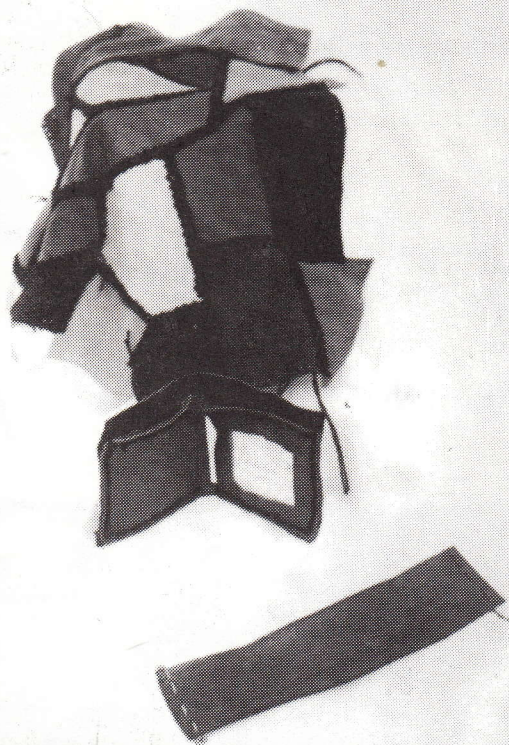
Leatherwork by Emily Handlin.



Backpack by Amanda Young
 Spotted purse by Liz Erlich.
 Dark purse by Mariell Wertheim



Patchwork, box, wallets & guitar strap.
 all by Abigail Levin



Patchwork by Brian Landman
 Wallet by Dan Cohen
 Bookmark by Hillary Cohn



photo by Daniel Golden



photo by Jake Lilien.

Photos



photo by Eric Hirsch.



photo by Vanessa Hen.



Performing Arts

Drawing by Jake Bauman

"We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams."

-Arthur O'Shaughnessy

"The tall girl watches all this with the expression of a
woman who lives upstairs from Cinderella and wears
the same shoe size."

-Pat Cadigan

"He did not see any reason why the Devil should
have all the good tunes."

-Rowland Hill

Disco Dance

by Vanessa Henke



Judy Lasko, Zina Arten, Katherine Tyler and the jc, Rachel Berks comprise the dance staff at Buck's Rock. But it takes more than a staff to make a shop a real part of their camp. This year, the dancers' commitment, zeal and general passion for dance were what made the dance studio the sacred place it is.

Nevertheless, after an entire summer of dancing, many dancers were left with unfulfilled goals.

A survey, designed by the most qualified statisticians and presented to dozens of the dancers at Buck's Rock, revealed the following about the shortfalls of their dance department:

TOP TEN DANCE FORMS THAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT AT BUCK'S ROCK:

10. Lambada
9. Flamenco
8. Hip Hop
7. Moshing
6. The Chicken Dance
5. Electric Slide
4. Ballroom
3. The Hokey Pokey
2. Rave
1. Country Line Dancing

TOP TEN SONGS THE STAFF SHOULD HAVE CHOREOGRAPHED TO:

10. "Ice, Ice Baby" -- Vanilla Ice
9. "Closer" -- Nine Inch Nails
8. "Walk Like an Egyptian" -- The Bangles
7. "The Right Stuff" -- New Kids on the Block
6. "I Think We're Alone Now" -- Tiffany
5. "YMCA" -- The Village People
4. "Alive" -- Pearl Jam
3. "Vogue" -- Madonna
2. "I Will Survive" -- Gloria Gaynor
1. "The Sign" -- Ace of Base



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Theatre

by Rosie Benton

Every morning, we, the theater (oops, I'm sorry, that's theatre) staff and other groups of wonderful campers enjoy an hour and a half of TA. You may ask, "Guys, what is TA?." TA can represent many a thing, but what TA really boils down to is a great big theatre smorgasbord of fun. TA, or theatre arts, is a beauteous collection of classes that cover such things as clowning, make-up, LSD, Shakespeare, and other great topics. If we, the members of the theatre staff, could maybe pick some of the classes we would like to have, they would be:

MONDAY- The art of sleeping in after a tech (This stuff is hard.)

TUESDAY- Learning to smoke on stage (mostly for the directors)

WEDNESDAY- The delicate process of making coffee for the directors

THURSDAY- Some more tips in the art of sleeping late

FRIDAY- Psychotic movements in blue unitards

SATURDAY- Sleeping improv (not too difficult)

SUNDAY- How to design costumes with a hangover



The Theatre Staff is as follows:

JCs

Sarah "Chester" Hirshan

Amy "Lilac Spring" Herzog

Abby "Biff" Rasminsky

Siobhan "Where's Rafi" Lockhart

CITs (only a few of us)

Sarah "Stardust" Levithan

Aman "DA" Lipitz

Sarah "Rhymes with" Tucker

Rosie "HI HOWYA DOIN'" Benton

"Fat Mantaci"

Gena "Por Favor" Oppenheim

Jaki "China Man" Silver

Emily "Insane woman" Mendelsohn

Jen "No, I'm not the mom this time" Holmes

Isaac "Need a shave" Butler

Eve "Panties" Kagan

Rafi "Do we have rehearsal?" Kasen

Dave "Asexual" Hanlon

Wiley "No angel" Bowen

And the one director extraordinaire: SteRosErnElle

This Year's Productions:

Age to Age, Rimers of Eldrige, Romeo and Juliet,

Anything Goes, Shoah Project, Lindale Warriors,

House of Blue Leaves, This is a Play, Woyczek,

12th Night, The Women, Some of The Timing, Cabaret

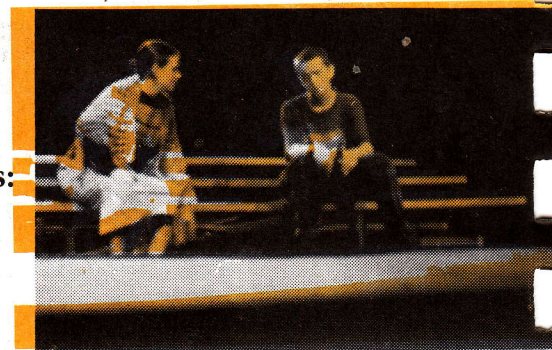


Photo by Adriane Sandler

T
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Costume Shop

by Abe Goldfarb

"Erg, erg..."

- Jennifer Saunders, Absolutely Fabulous

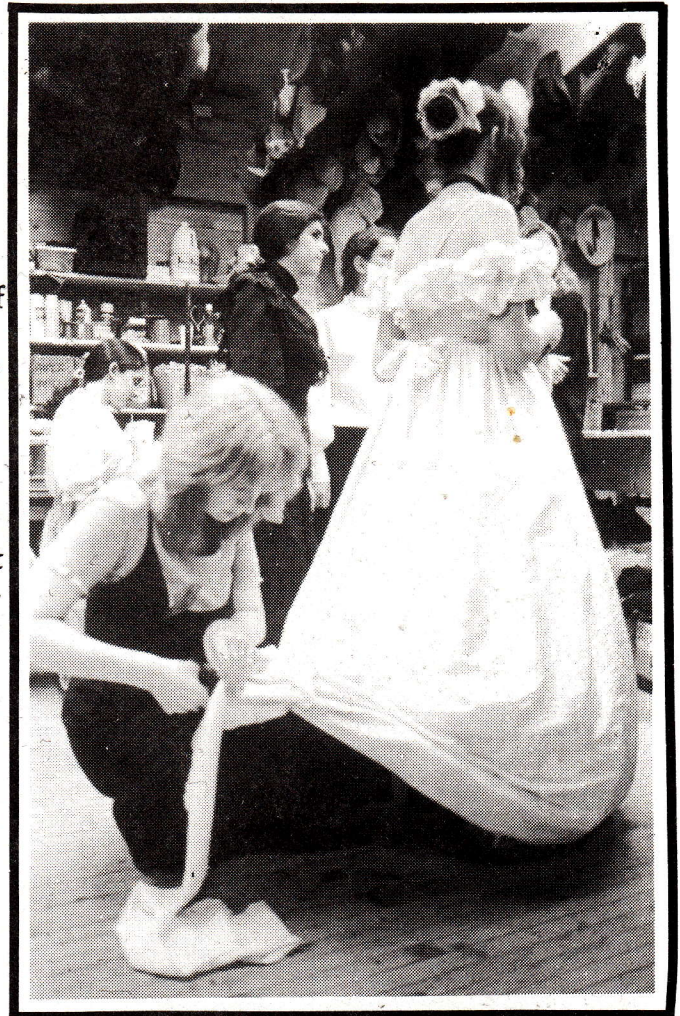
"O.J. was seen whistling in court the other day."

"He was probably practicing for the musical version."

- Drop the Dead Donkey

When I at first approached this shop, I had reservations. After viewing several illicit activities that occurred within, I thought, "Oh, boy." On the roadmap of the United States of Activities, I've made a stop in the state of Ill, the town of Ic and a small bed and breakfast known as It. This was, as I'm sure you can imagine, a bit disconcerting. But when I got past the initial shock after a short visit to the infirmary ("Get me the morphine." "You ~~cant~~ need the morphine." "GET ME THE MORPHINE!") everything just went on swimmingly. It was uncanny, the way these people worked. Their tireless measuring, sewing, listening, and just plain DOING was a great surprise to me. What a work ethic! I was amazed out of my fragile skull by their work ethic. After all, I've hung around with theater people for a good deal of my time.

There are no words for the extent to which they have fashioned their shop into a runway that does Lagerfeld proud ("Armani, Lagerfeld, Versace, darling; names, names, names!"). It all just sort of is, isn't it? I could go on in great depth about the fact that without them our shows would just be dreck, ooze-drippingly, horribly, Gingrichilly bad. I could go on and on about the fact that without them there would be no insanely good music being played 24 hours a day (with the exception of my boudoir, but that is a description, not an invitation, you lecherous little yearbook reader). I could wax pathetic about their virtues as people: the fact that they maintain mental stability when you guys come by demanding to look good in a show, refusing every damn thing they offer; the fact that they make polite conversation with you unworthy, impolite scumbags. I could verbally ejaculate enormous quantities about so many things, at such great length that it ceases to be funny and starts to be enticing. So, what are you waiting for? Go down there and look about for a while. Just check your bad taste and attitude at the door. The place is a bit like a supermarket in hell. Shop for some really funky, flaming stuff. But, if you go in there with a bad attitude, you'll be instantly scorched. Other than that, it's pretty neat.



"Dave, are you ever going to grow up?"

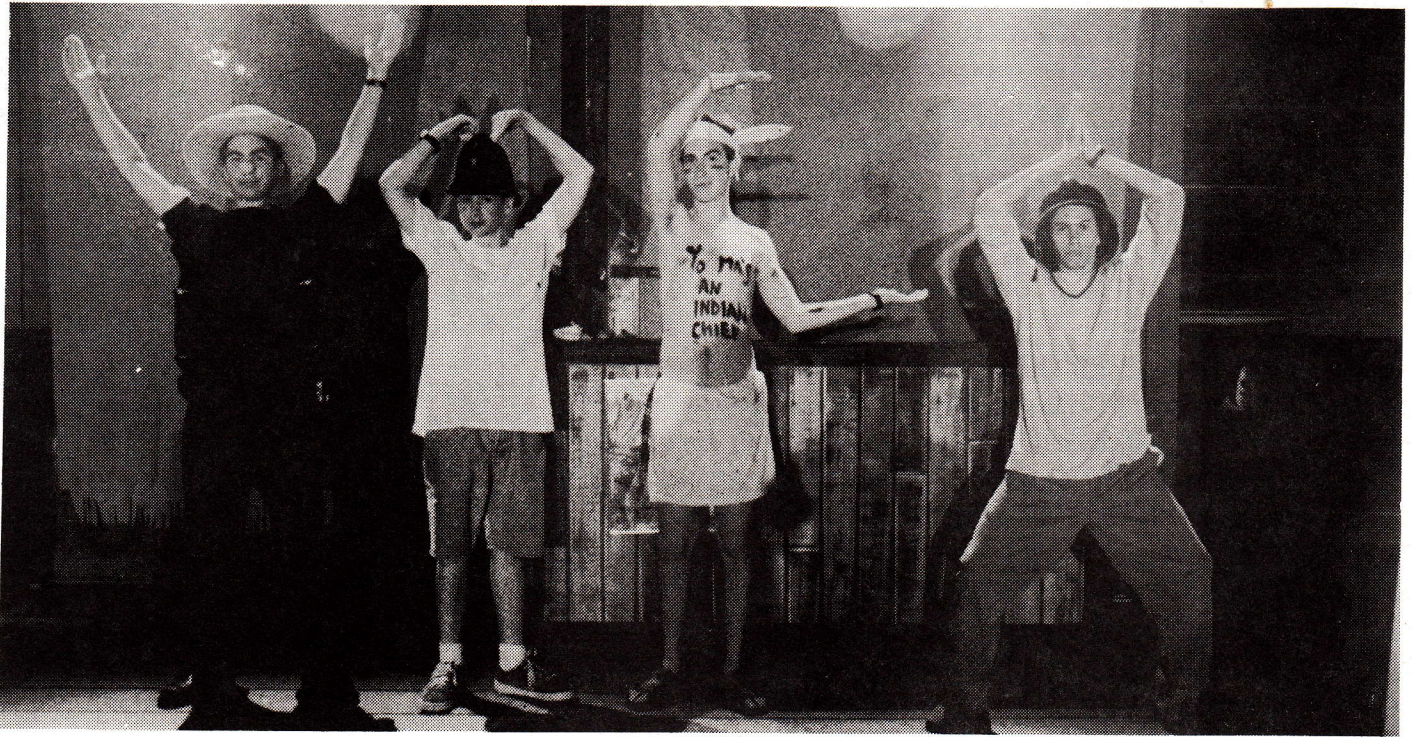
"Pass."

- Drop the Dead Donkey

It's Delightful, It's Delicious, It's DeClown Shop!

by Rebecca Drysdale (Clown)

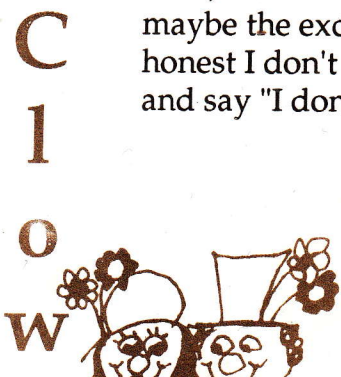
What can I say about the clown shop? I could, in theory, say a number of things theoretically. Certain things keep coming to mind and slipping away as fast as they come. These aren't new things or old things, just things, things that make the shop what it is. Sometimes its hard to say exactly what the shop is all about. In fact, sometimes it is so hard that it becomes very difficult. Simple words can't describe it and long words are just superfluous. I guess you call it clownesque in its manner, being that it is a clown shop but no, that would be an oversimplification, and would make it far too simple. It is more than clownesque but less than something more. It is inbetween, and in transition at the same time.



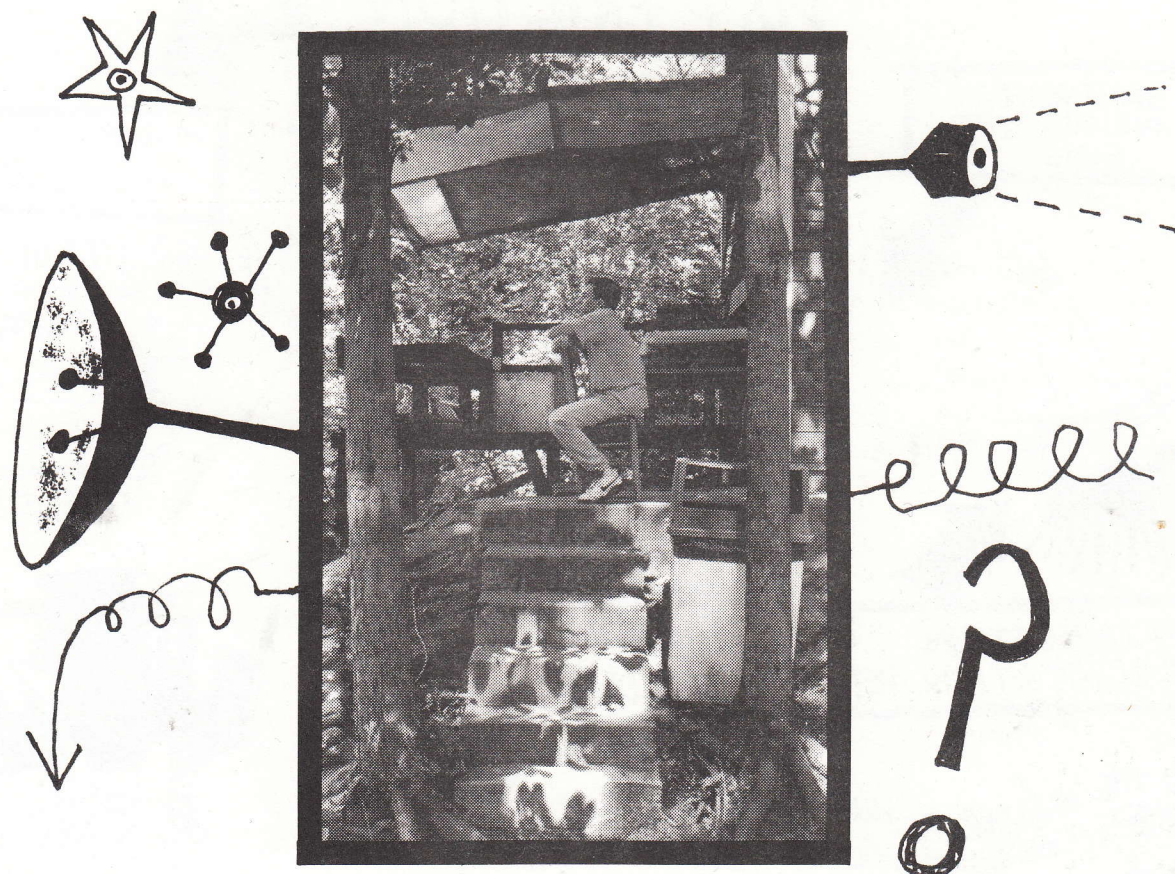
Those who look at it, use words like "funny" and "clown", but those are just words. What are words but groups of letters put together to form understandable messages. No, there are no words.

Well, there are actually many words but none are the right words. They all come close, with maybe the exception of "entrepreneur" and "panties", those don't come close at all. To be quite honest I don't know how to describe it. If you asked me to describe it, I would probably shrug and say "I don't know." The definition of the word "clown" escapes me, it is far from my mind and yet strangely remote at the same time. I guess I should not be asked, since I am not the person you would want to ask.

I don't want to repeat myself or be redundant, so to say goodbye , I bid you a fond goodbye.
Goodbye.



LSD: Infinite Confusion



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This article is late, really late, and this is why:

"Okay, guys, focus call after Put to Bed." "Rain! The Summer Theater!"
Gimpy the Wonder Slug: smart, funny, not very useful..... Let's move ALL of our
equipment, every time we have a show.....Ravin' on the A-frame 'til dawn.....
Non-rented units.....Rented units.....Will we make last call?.....Bill Jakab
discovers gravity at the Actor's Studio.....TFS and TMI!.....Some dance
companies get 3,000 dimmers: we'll do it with six!....."Mommy, what's a 1-K modular
bi-post lamp?"....."Does 'anal retentive' have a hyphen in it?".....
Remember, guys, it's only Buck's Rock.....

So you can all certainly understand, under the extenuating circumstances, that we were
just having too much fun to leave our shop! Here's a list of our motley crew, which has yet
to appear in any show program:

Let there be Light!

Jerry Carter, Head of Shop
Nicole D'Amico
Greg Dratva
Bill Jakab
Tony Scortino

Let there be Sound!

Craig Raisner
Bill Hahn
Adam Berson, CIT
Matt Dilmaghani, CIT



PULP FRICTION

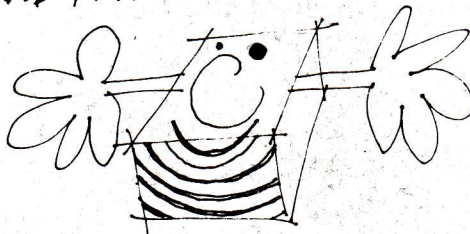
SET DESIGN

1995

THE PATH OF THE 2"x4" ...

WITH GREAT VENGEANCE
AND FURIOUS SCREW
GUNS

IS BEVELED ON
ALL SIDES



BY THE INEQUITIES OF THE

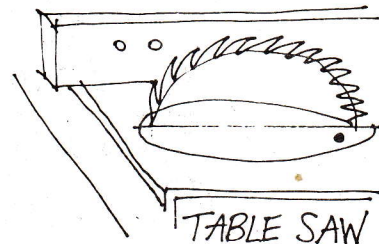


TABLE SAW

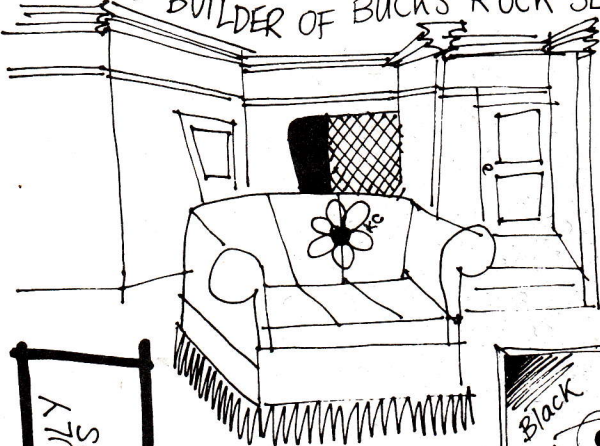
THOSE WHO TRY TO PAINT AND PLANE
MY BROTHER

AND I WILL STRIKE
DOWN THIS SET WITH THEE

AND YOU WILL KNOW
OUR NAME IS
SET DESIGN

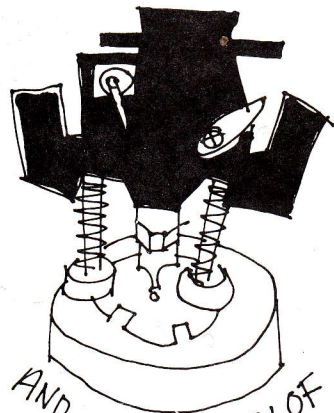
J.A.C.K.

AND THE BUILDER OF BUCKS ROCK SETS



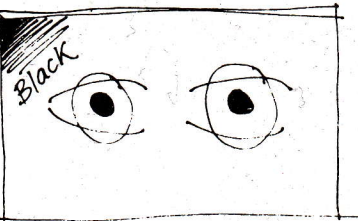
WHEN WE LAY
OUR LUAUN
APON THEE.

BOW



AND THE TYRANNY OF
THE ROUTER

FOR HE IS TRULY
MY BROTHERS
CARPENTER



SHEPHERDS THE LUAUN
THROUGH THE WORKSHOP
OF DARKNESS

BLESSED IS HE WHO
IN THE NAME OF
CHARITY + GOODWILL

Camp Fiction

by Jon Brooks

INT. '74 CHEVY (MOVING)--MORNING

An old Chevy Nova barrels down a homeless-ridden street in New Milford. JULES is at the wheel. VINCENT VEGA is next to him, eating a Royale with Cheese.

JULES

So, how many up there?

VINCENT

Three, I think. Plus a CIT. That's Jon Brooks. You remember him: half-black, half-Samoan, they used to call him Jon Rocky Horror?

VINCENT

Yeah, maybe. Fat, right?

JULES

I wouldn't call the brother fat. He's got a weight problem. What's the guy gonna do?

VINCENT

So what do they do there all day, like... watch movies and crap?

JULES

Not at all. They're like, the unsung heroes of the camp, you know?

VINCENT

Whaddya mean?

JULES

They like, haveta videotape all the shows and activities at Buck's Rock, either by themselves or with Josh Leitner's help.

VINCENT

The lawn-guyland dude?

JULES

Yeah, you know him. Anyway, the videos are actually getting better since they got this digital mixer thing.

VINCENT

Does the Samoan use that?

JULES

He's learning.

VINCENT

And whadda they make, some kinda America's Funniest Home Videos kinda crap?

JULES

Naw. Better. They do like, for example, you know that song "December" by Collective Soul?

VINCENT

(singing)

"Don't scream about, don't think aloud, turn your head now baby, just spin me out..."

JULES

That's spit me out. Yeah, that one. They did a... like an MTV thing to that, with kids as runaways. Dan Bobkoff did it.

VINCENT

Guy with a cast?

JULES

Yeah. They also did one to "Wild Night," about a nerdy dude who gets cool, with Eric Wellman-

VINCENT

The pimp?

JULES

Different guy. This Eric did a whole buncha projects. Some kids even did a fake video game.

VINCENT

No kidding.

JULES

They also had this valley girl thing going on for a few projects.

VINCENT

I heard the ringleader is the one with the funky hat.

JULES

Yeah, that's Dave Grotell. Also wears shades. The other two are Brits: Paul- he's the ladies man, and Steve- he's the witty one.

VINCENT

Got it. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO SHOP-- DAY

Jules and Vincent kick down the sliding door with a picture of "Super Dave" drawn on it in chalk. They take out their .45 automatics.

JULES

"The path of those who enter the video shop is beset on all sides by the inadequacies of the equipment, the tyranny of the lazy counselors, and the difficulty of actually finishing a project." Ezekiel 25:17.

VINCENT

Guess they won't be finishing the Memories video now, will they Jules?

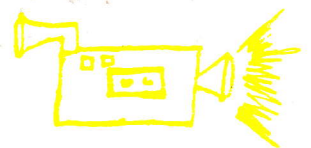
The two men empty their .45 automatics simultaneously, wiping out everyone in sight. Jon Brooks sticks his head out of a corner.

JON

Goddamn...goddamn...that was cold-blooded...

They shoot him.

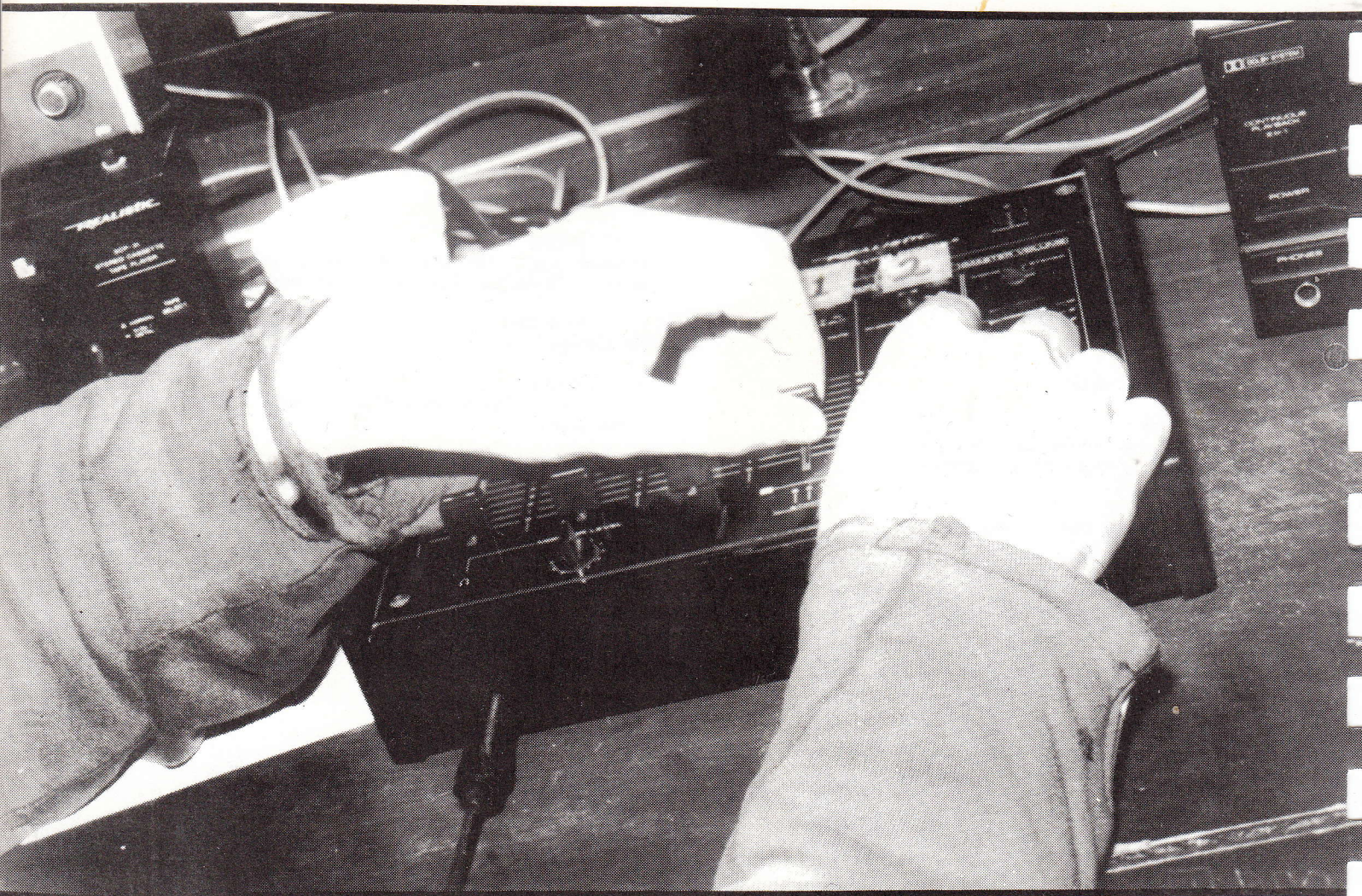
END



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WBBC

by Ellen Latzen



Come take a journey with me into the woods, past Buck's Rock Road, past Silkscreen, past the counselor bunks, to a little red building called WBBC. Unlike any other shops, WBBC is a shop that the whole camp experiences. On a regular day, you can hear funk, heavy-metal, jazz, rock, Euro-trash, reggae, rap, and any other kinds of music you can think of. Patrick and Roger are the lazy yet helpful counselors that are there if you blow a fuse, or the control room catches fire, or if something else goes wrong on a regular visit. So, stop by, and you can have a show, sleep on the couch, or even play "Butt-Head" with Pat in your free time.

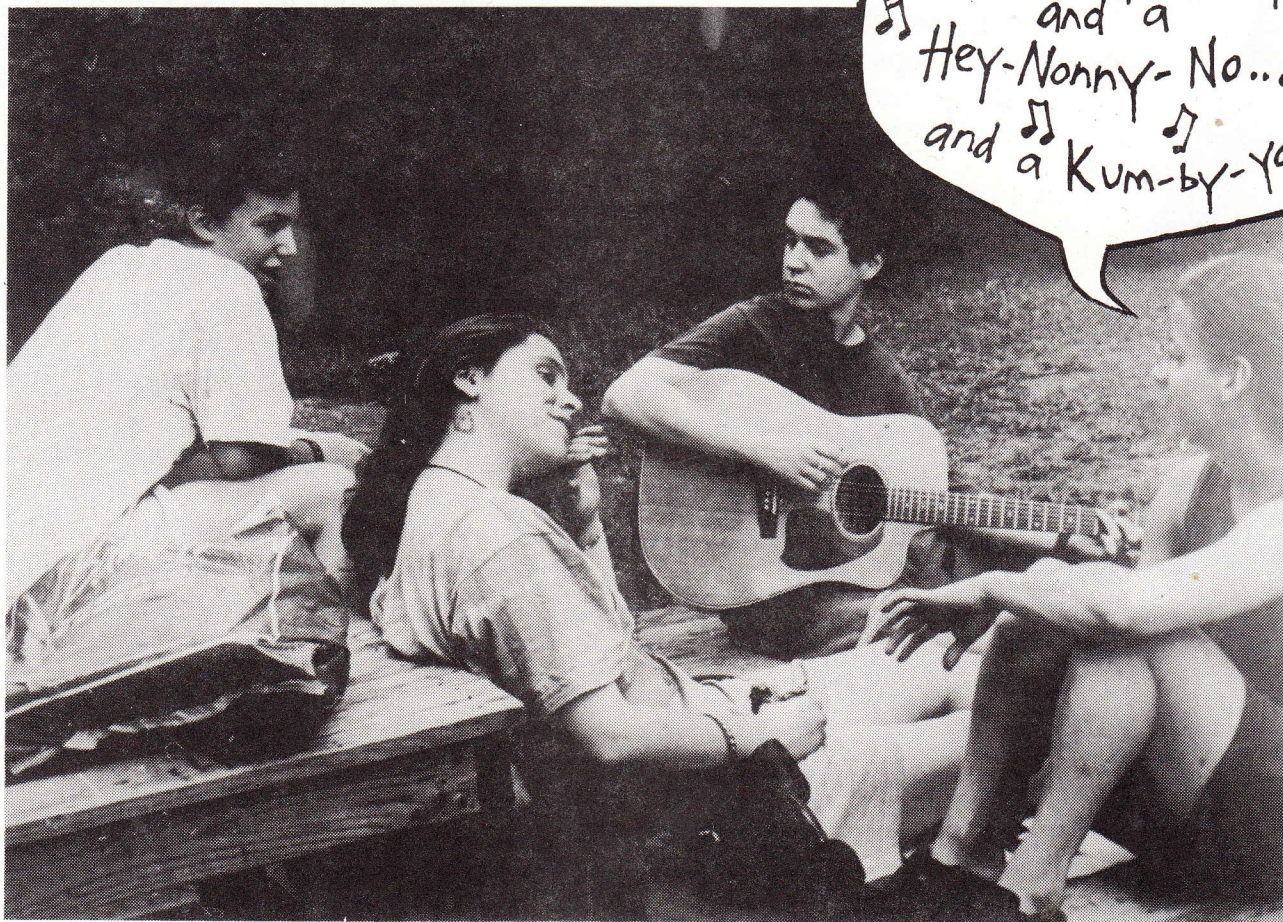
photo by Brett Kizner

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Folk Music Liberation Front

by Beth Kalisch

Where have all the singers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the guitars gone, long time ago?
Where have all the singers gone?
FMLF, everyone,
When will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?



With a Hey-Nonny-No
and a
Hey-Nonny-No...
and a Kum-by-yar...

Anyone passing the lawn between 4:30 and 5:30 on Fridays, Sundays, and Tuesdays, is sure to hear and be lured in by the beautiful music of FMLF. Basically we sing folk music with guitars. And we define folk music as music folks like, which means we've played everything from "Teach Your Children" to "Daughter" by Pearl Jam. We harmonized Ferron's "Testimony," tried to remember the guitar chords to "San Francisco Bay Blues," and wrote new lyrics, having absolutely nothing to do with Dan Seiden, to "Stay" by Lisa Loeb. We spent half of our time reminiscing about Ivan who FMLFed with us last year. Erika Blumberg was our honorary leader since, of course, a liberal group such as ourselves would have no real leader. Allegra Bartko harmonized in every octave audible to the human ear.

Most probably none of us will ever learn. We'll be having too much fun for that

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Guitar

by Matt Haicken

"Where is that noise coming from?! Take me to your leader!" The newcomer walked to the porch and found Peter Galub leading members of the duitar geparment in a bizarre ritual called Snackfest. Although people have been snacking for thousands of years, the actual Snack fest idea was conceived by Dan Seiden in 1991. This year, Dan was only at camp for a few days every week. (The rest of the time, Dan was on a mecret sission for the CIA investigating the influences of Snack on the rock 'n roll world.)

Matt "Guitar" Haicken, the guitar CIT, was also there helping to keep order and make sure the electric guitars weren't too loud. He usually opened Snack with a, "Gow's it hoin" or a, "Low's hife?"

Chris the Lizard gave us a taste of the true punk rock ethic, breaking the record for good, catchy songwriting: seven classics penned in under a minute. John Metric made occasional appearances and greeted the group with such sayings as, "Yow are Hou?" and, "Hi." We just smiled and said, "Teach me to fight, Masterpicker!"

Sarah Egan, the super crunchy voice counselor, dropped in sometimes, and always left with a friendly, "Cake tare." Other prime time players in the hierarchy of the duitar geparment were Joanna Junior, Fast Andy Casey, and of course, the guitar JC, Colin.

Pete, being such a fart smeller, thought up many clever sayings for Snack. The rockers were all fond of his brange strand of harcastic sumour. He is fost mamous for his opinion of the unreliable copy machine, "The copy machine won't jam, but we will!"

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Changes and Groans

by Mryza Escolar and Myq Kaplan

Growth and change. Change and growth. In the Mushed. Dynamics. "Crescendos," Marisa says. One, two, three, four. Four, three, two, one. H and T. It wasn't here before. We've grown in lots of ways. We groan at jokes told by Jay, the head of the shop. Groan, this is us groaning. Uhrnhnrn. That was us groaning. Now we are no longer groaning. We have changed. This is us crushing your head. Crush, crush, crush. Your head is crushed. That is a significant change.

But we digress. Change--as people take our stands and chairs away, there are many changes. The number of chairs and stands change. Our moods change as we get frustrated trying to figure out where the chairs and stands have gone. Nobody home! Hee hee. Before, we were complaining about the theme of this article, change. Now we have changed, and it no longer bothers us. We have grown. Uhrnhnrn. We're funneee. Hee hee.



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Orchestra used to have no sectionals. That has changed. Last year, chorus met way too often. Now it meets less way too often. Jazz combos have become publicized. What a change. Key changes. Jazz changes constantly. Fish and Mitch have both grown their hair longer than it was last year. It has grown and changed. When they don't comb it, we all groan. Uhhhrnnn.

We've had lots of rain lately. Rain is good for nature. Nature grows because of the rain, and birds sing when it stops raining. The Madrigals, a singing group, changed its meeting times from Fridays and Sundays to Saturdays and Sundays. Now the people who already made plans for Saturdays, groan. Uhrnnrhnrn. A cappella has changed its meeting times too. During rehearsals we change the arrangements of Kirby Shaw, Bach, and those other guys.

Some people changed their days off from Wednesday to Tuesday, thus necessitating another change: staff meetings are now on Thursday when no one is on their day off. Some lazy staff members groan at this, because if it were not for these meetings, they would be able to sleep late on Thursday mornings. Uurhnnhghn.

Last year, there were no old bum-like guys wandering around the shed asking people for pocket change. Uh, this year, nothing like that has happened either. Hee hee. Uhrhngnhghnhr. The only thing about the Mushed that hasn't changed is that we are still funny.



Rock Café

by Eric Hirsch

Rock Café
Proudly Presents:
BETTER THAN FETA

Photo by Eric Yudin

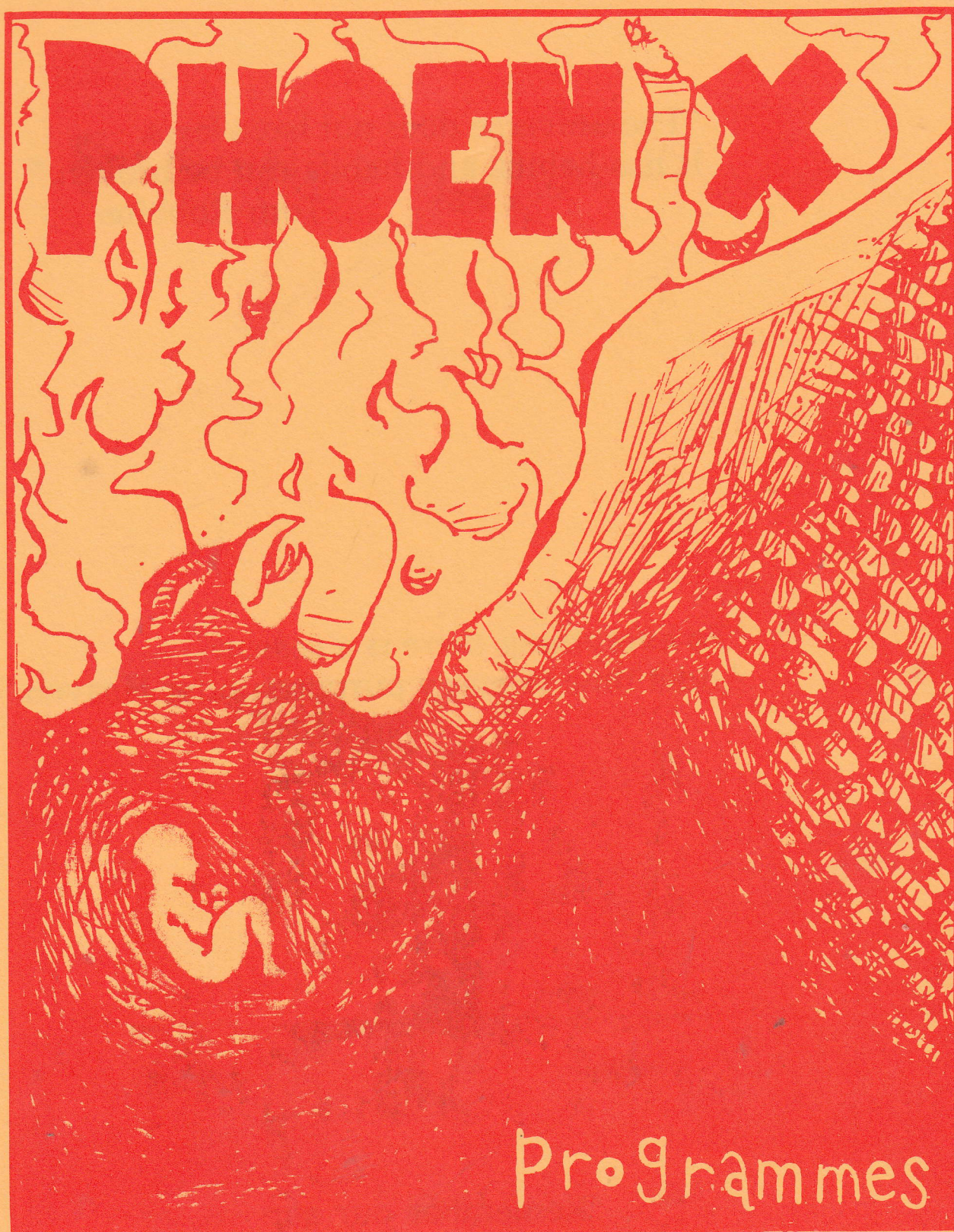


One Night Only - Just returned from a triumphant tour of New Milford

This year's Rock Cafe was a nifty blend of punk, hardcore, and alternative music that was enjoyed by all. The Cafe was led by Guitar JC Colin Schliefer, who arranged the bands and organized the whole shebang. Music CITs Bryan Newman and Chris Conley assisted Colin in his arduous task. In the first half, only four bands proved ready to perform in time: Floyd, Gromidin, Nathan, and Coagency. In the second half, more enthusiasm came with the new campers, and a staggering ten bands were put together. Each band put in much time and effort, all of which paid off. The Cafe was successful and fun for all involved, and hopefully will return in years to come so that the rockers of the future can perform their music.

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Drawing by Matt Dicke

"The universe does not have laws.
It has habits, and habits can be broken."
-Tom Robbins

"To everything there is a season
And a time to every purpose under Heaven."
-Ecclesiastes

"Remember our sun
is not the most noteworthy star
only the nearest."

-Audre Lorde



Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
New Milford, CT. 06776



Sat 8 July

Director- Joelle Re Arp-Dunham

Assistant Directors- Sarah Levithan, Jaki Silver

Cast List

Antigone

By Jean Anouilh

Antigone- Gillian Foley

Ismene- Rachel Ellis

La Dispute

By Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux

Translated by Timberlake Wertenbaker

Adine- Katharine Bartow

Egle- Melissa Goldman

Spring Awakening

By Frank Wedekin

Translated by Tom Osborn

Martha- Allison Nahmias

Thea- Emily Price

Wendla- Amanda Hutchinson

Lydie Breeze

By John Guare

Lydie- Rebecca Brachman

Gussie- Marisa Escobar

Courtship

By Horton Foote

Laura- Jessica Grose

Elizabeth- Morgan Witkin

My Sister in This House

By Wendy Kesselman

Christine- Samantha Crane

Leah- Lauren Mirsky

Who Will Carry The Word?

By Charlotte Delbo

Translated by Cynthia Haft

Claire- Emily Handlin

Francoise- Michelle Traub

Ascension Day

By Timothy Mason

Charity- Brooks Upham

Faith- Leah Nelson

Lu Ann Hampton Laverly Oberlander

By Preston Jones

Billy Bob- Ben Wiegler

Seniority

By Eric Ziegenhagen

Fiona- Jacky Brown

Debbie- Jessica Peters

The Red Coat

By John Patrick Shanley

John- Guillaume Descottes

Mary- Anastasia Arten

Crew

Set Design- Rich Dunham

Costume Design- Celine Bijleveld, Ellen Buggs

Costume

Helen McInnes

Rosemari Flewellen

Sharon Marston

Set Construction

Josh Leitner

Jonathan Busky

Cameron Flint

Adam Ellyson

Alyssa Nordhauser

Karen Chappell

Lighting Design- JC Carter

Sound Design- Craig Raisner

Master Electrician- Nicole D'Amico

LSD

Adam Berson

Matt Dilmaghani

Alexa Zimmerman

Lighting Board Operator - Ronnie Wilson

Sound Board Operator - Dan Franco

Director's Note

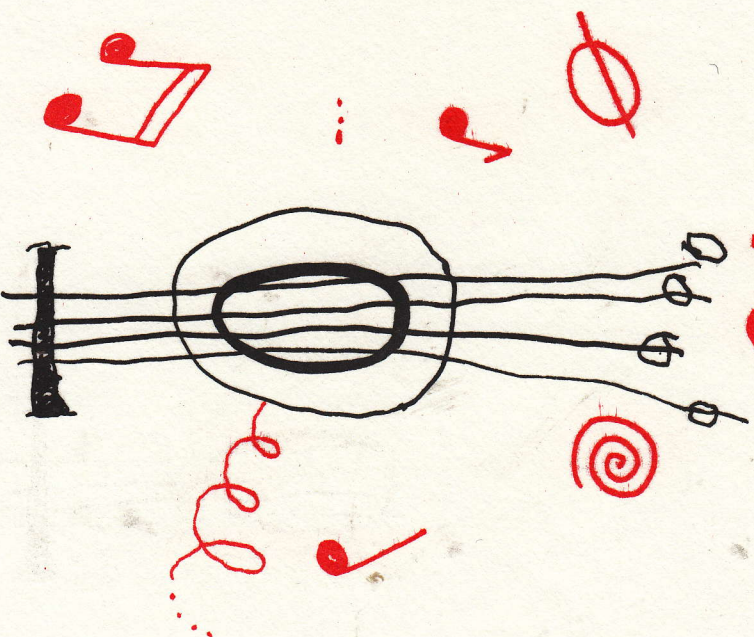
Tonight we would like to share with you a special collection of scenes from various plays and playwrights. In each selection we will witness the effect of significant choices in the characters' relationships and lives. Starting in ancient Greece and climbing the years all the way to contemporary America, we will discover that people really do have a universal experience "Age to Age."

Special Thanks to Pub, Brett Kizner, the Theatre Arts Department, Sarah Levithan, Jaki Silver, the Directors and of course, Ernst Bulova, the man who makes our experiences possible. Enjoy!!!!!!

The Music - SHEP

• Staff recital •

95



Monday the third of Jul

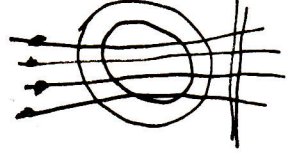
A Music

Production^{95.}

The entire staff is delighted to welcome you to the first of many great concerts, right here, at the music shed. Sit back, relax and enjoy music under the stars. You will hear performances in every musical idiom; solos, duets, trios, and much more. Your favorite form of music is only one performance away.

Jay Hassan
Ted Masur
Erica Blumberg
Sarah Egan
Jim Wallenberg
Peter Galub
Elizabeth Rowbotham
Valeri Liiva
Mitch Wechsler
Geoffrey Goldman

Dan Seidan
Mike Fittipaldi
Colin Schleifer J.C.
Allegra Bartko J.C.
Dave "the Fish" kin J.C.
Myq Kaplan C.I.T
Matt Haicken C.I.T
Bryan Newman C.I.T
Chris Conley C.I.T



Buck's Rock Camp

59 Bucks Rock Road, New Milford, CT 06776



Max Pipsin



Buck's Rock Camp
59 Buck's Rock Rd.
New Milford, CT 06776

Romeo & Juliet



July 12 1995

Director: Steve Ansell
Assistant Director: Abby Rasminsky
Stage Manager: Stacey Gish
Assistant Stage Manager: Michael Perlman

Cast:

Montague

Romeo: Sam Kusnetz
Benvolio: Megan Hart
Montague: Richard Scott
Lady Montague: Gwen Kelly
Abram: Ted Alexander
Balthasar: Amanda Quaid

Capulet

Juliet: Lizzie Sroka
Nurse: Rosie Benton
Tybalt: Eric Hirsch
Capulet: Myq Kaplan
Lady Capulet: Jen Holmes
Sampson: Allen Loeb
Gregory: James Granger

Mercutio: Issac Butler
Friar Laurence: David Hanlon
Paris: Jake Lilien
Apothecary: James Granger

Crew:

Set Design: Rich Dunham, Jon Busky, Karen Chiappell,
Adam Ellyson, Cameron Flint and Alyssa Nordhauser

Lighting Design: Greg Dratva
Master Electrician: Alexa Zimmerman
Lighting Board Operators: Chava Meed, Barrett Tryon
Repatch Operator: Brett Kizner
Sound Design: Bill Hann
Sound Board Operator: Ron Wilson
LSD Crew: J.C. Carter, Bill Jakab, Tony Sciortino,
Nicole D'Amico, Guy Bauer, Brett Kizner, Craig Raiser,
Matt Dimaghani, Adam Berson, Ronnie Wilson

Costume Design:

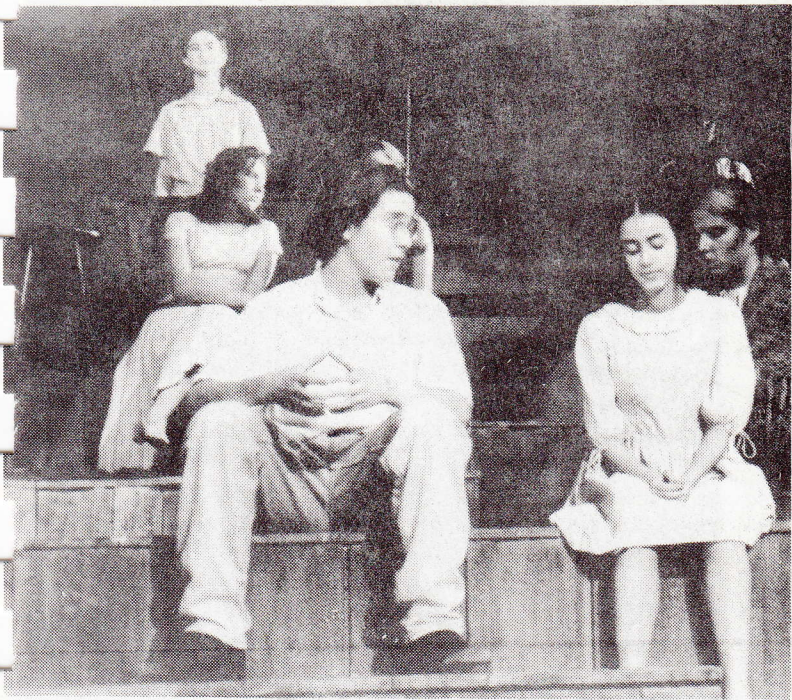
Sharon Marston, Helen McInnes

Costume Crew:

Ellen Baggs, Rosemarie Flewelling, Celine Bijleveld

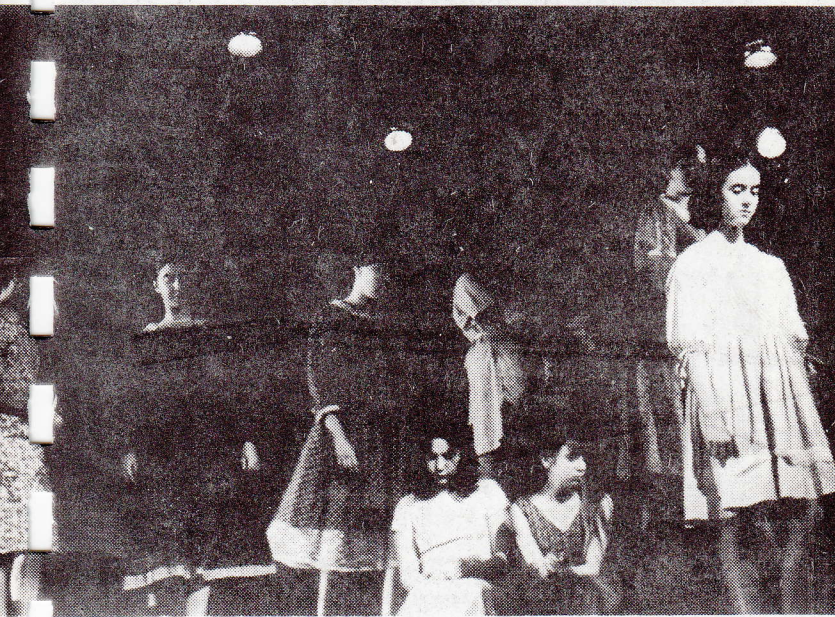
Special Thanks To: David Iseron, Jeff Samuels, The Glass Shop,
Juliet Ross, Jonathan Parley, The Clowns, Maintenance,
Al Rubin and the Kitchen Staff, Allegra Bartko, Lauren Katz,
Pub, and of course, Ernst.

This show is dedicated to David and Lesley, may they rest in
peace.



Rimers of Eldridge

7/15/95



Buck's Rock Camp
59 Buck's Rock Rd.
New Milford, CT 06776

Director: *Rose Bonczek*
Assistant Director: *Siobhan Lockhart*
Stage Manager: *Isaac Butler*

"The Harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved."

-Jeremiah 8:20

CAST:

Robert Conklin - *John Levy*
Eva Jackson - *Lily Thom*
Evelyn Jackson - *Rebbie Weinberger*
Nelly Windrod - *Wiley Bowen*
Mary Windrod - *Emily Mendelsohn*
Patsy Johnson - *Laura Millendorf*
Mavis Johnson - *Sasha Robbins*
Peck Johnson - *Philip Haspel*
Josh Johnson - *Matt Haicken*
Lena Truit - *Sarah Handelsman*
Martha Truit - *Gena Oppenheim*
Wilma Atkins - *Halie Rosenberg*
Skelly Manor - *Ernie Johns*
Preacher/Judge - *Hartley Goldstein*
Cora Groves - *Sarah Tucker*
Walter - *David Hanlon*
A Trucker - *Mike Roth*

CREW:

Set Design: *Rich Dunham, Jon Busky, Karen Chappell, Adam Ellyson, Cameron Flint, and Alyssa Nordhauser*

Lighting Design: *Bill Jakab*
Master Electrician: *Tony Sciortino*
Lighting Board Operator: *Nat Budin*
Sound Design: *Craig Raisner*
Sound Board Operator: *Guy Bauer and Dan Franco*
LSD Crew: *J.C. Carter, Bill Jakab, Tony Sciortino, Nicole D'Amico, Guy Bauer, Brett Kizner, Matt Dilmaghani, Adam Berson, Ronnie Wilson*

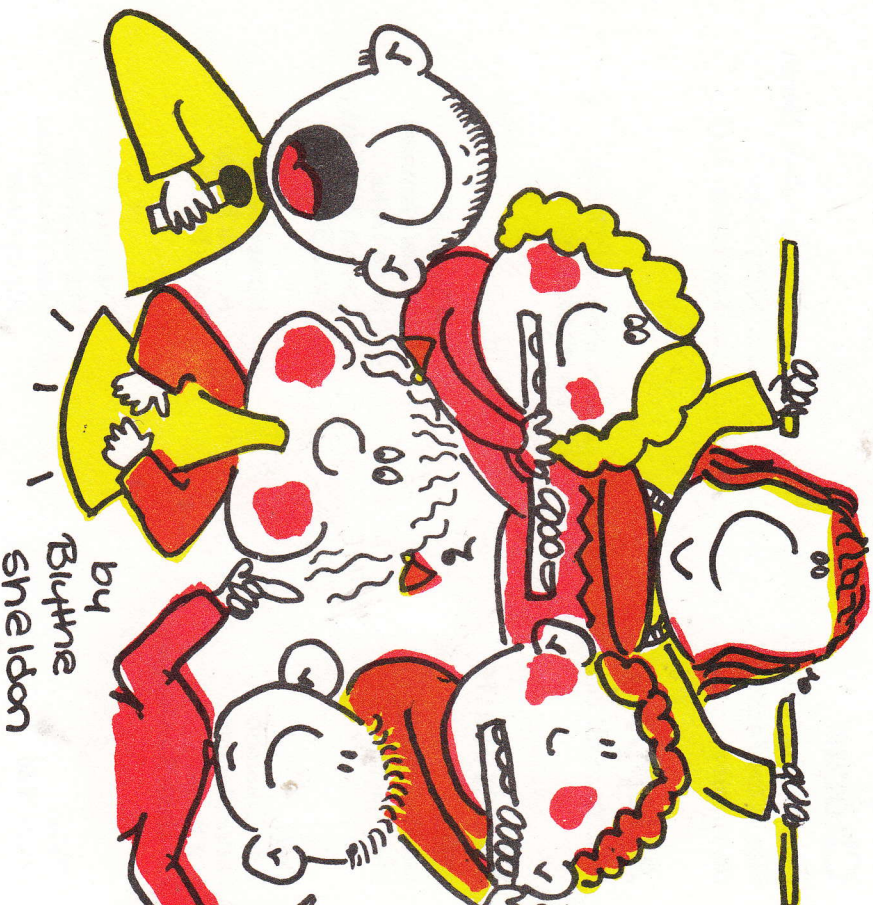
Costume Design: *Celine Bijleveld and Ellen Baggs*
Costume Crew: *Sharon Mariston, Helen McInnes, Rosemarie Flewellen*

Special Thanks To: *Marisa Kurtzman, Rich, Bill, Craig, Costume and crews, Ernie Johns, Steve Ansell, Joelle Re Arp-Dunham, Clown Shop, Isaac Butler, Betty Bonczek, Andrew Lees, Theatre J.C.'s and C.I.T.'s, the Directors, the Pub Shop and, of course, Ernst*

The Music - **SHED**



Photo by Sylvie Rosenthal



by
Bytne
Sheldon

FULL
CONCERT

July 16th

Orchestra

Trumpet Voluntary Henry Purcell
 Soloists: Marisa Escolar, Matt Dilmaghani, Alexis Greer
 Selections from "My Fair Lady" Lerner and Lowe
 Liberty Bell John Philip Sousa
 Conducted by Jay Hassan

Madrigals

O Occhi Marra Mia di Zasso
 Now is the Month of Maying Morley arr. White

Chorus

Gaudeamus Igitur Traditional arr. Heath
 Fire in the Furnace Kirby Shaw
 Siyahamba Traditional Zulu

Alleppaca

Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow? King arr. Tibault
 rev. Blumberg

Musicians

Violins

Jim Wallenberg
 Myq Kaplan

Celli

Ilana Solomon
 Laura Stelman
 Nat Budin
 Elizabeth Rowbotham

Viola

Sarah Wild

Flute

Alana Clements
 Kate Santoro
 Ted Masur
 Valeri Liiva

Rock Camp

Rock Camp

Faith Rock

Rock

Adrienne Miller

rd

col

Est. 1967

Jazz Band

Alto Saxophone
 Allegra Bartko *
 Andrew Finkelstein
 Samantha Garland
 Jason Laska
 Daniel Tucker

Tenor Saxophone

Whitt Algar
 David Fishkin *

Baritone Saxophone

Spencer Stone

Trumpet

Matt Dilmaghani
 Marisa Escolar
 Alexis Greer
 Brian Jacobs
 Raffi Kasen
 Mitch Wechsler *

Trombone

Josh Leitner
 Mike Radosh
 Jeff Samuels
 Jay Hassan *

Piano

Dave Hanlon

Bass

Michael Fittipaldi *

Drums

Ariel Nelson

Guitar

Colin Schleifer *

* denotes staff

Chorus

Lily Thom
 Alana Clements A,M
 Halie Rosenberg M
 Beth Kalisch A,M
 Valeri L. Liiva
 Danielle Friedman
 Lori Feldstein A
 Emily "Estela" Bond A
 Cristina de Luca
 Rebbie Weinberger A
 Liz Johnson
 S. C. Egan

Mara L. Wolman

Erica Berman

Melissa Goldman

Andrea Cochran

Elisha Goodman

Reisha Goldman

Leah Nelson

Megan Hart A

Shelley Lavin A,M

Kate Schapira A,M

Marisa Escolar A,M

Melanie Errico

Siobhan Lockhart A

Judy Lasko

Rachel Gardner

Marie Sylvester

Jennifer Josephburg

Leah Fishman

Michael Donahue A,M

Michael Fitzpatrick

Jim Wallenberg

Ted Masur

Allegra Bartko A,M

Peter Friedrich

Marc Mayer A,M

Matt Haicken

Dave Hanlon A

Raphael Kasen

Eli Mark

Myq Kaplan

Eric Hirsch A

Sam Kusnetz A,M

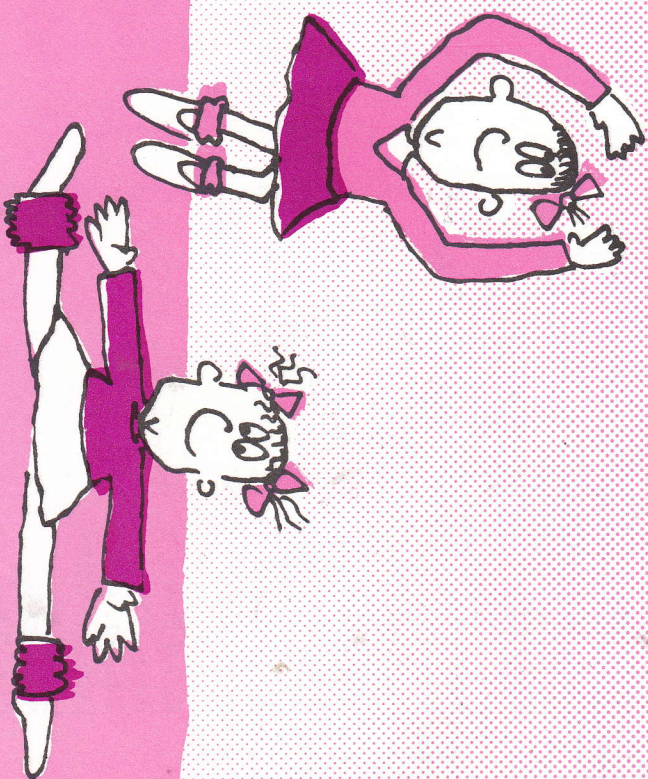
A denotes Alleppaca,

M denotes Madrigals



Buck's Rock Camp
59 Buck's Rock Rd.
New Milford, CT. 06776

DANCE INFORMANCE



July 19/20 1995

DANCE INFORMANCE

Wednesday, July 19th, 1995
Thursday, July 20th, 1995

BUSINESS OF LOVE Composer: P. Roy, N. Klein, H. Hershi
choreographed and danced by
Hannah Meyers
Emily Price
Kerrith Solomon

BUDÆ Composer: Enya
choreographer: Erica Baumgart
dancers: Erica Baumgart
Gwen Kelly
Morgan Witkin

Linky Medley Composer: Various Artists
choreographer: Peter Tucci
dancers: Amy Miot-Levinson
Kerrith Solomon
Peter Tucci

Stream On Composer: Stephen Tyler
choreographer: Gwen Kelly }
dancers: Vanessa Henke
Gwen Kelly

The Interlude Composer: Lynn Stanford
choreographer: Katherine Tyler, assisted by Kirti Elson
dancers: Lori Feldstein
Amy Miot-Levinson
Kerrith Solomon
Morgan Witkin

Never Loved A Man Composer: Ronnie Shannon
choreographer: Katherine Tyler
dancers: Erica Baumgart
Rachel Brown
Renay Frankel
Vanessa Henke
Debbie Horwitz
Gwen Kelly
Caren Kramer
Chava Meed
Hannah Meyers
Amy Miot-Levinson

Sing, Sing, Sing Composer: Benny Goodman
choreographer: Amanda Quaid
dancers: Gwen Kelly
Amanda Quaid
Stephanie Victor

Dance Staff:
Judy Lasko, head of shop
Zina Arten
Katherine Tyler
Rachel Berks, JC

8) **The Dying Swan** Composer: Saint-Saens
choreographer: Zina Arten
solo violin: Jim Wallenberg
pianist: Elizabeth Rowbotham
dancer: Kerrith Solomon

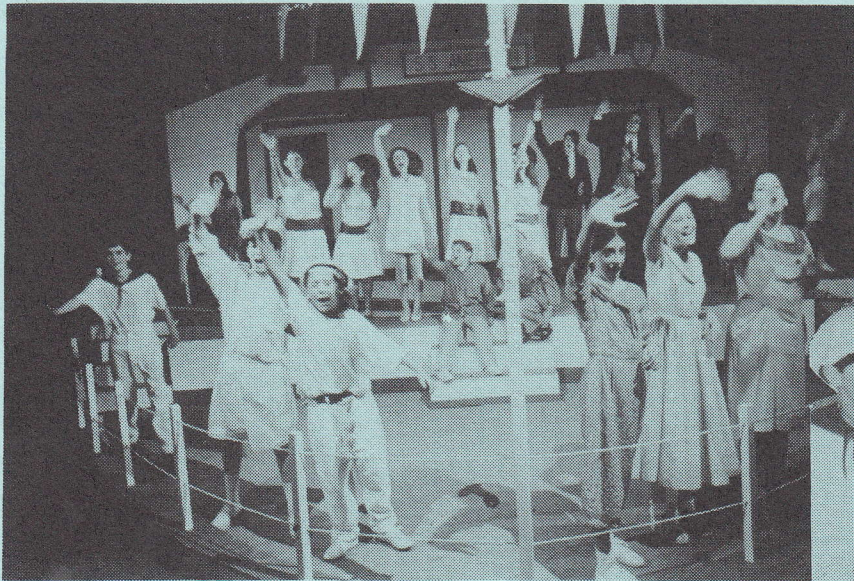
9) **Charleston** Composer: Original MGM soundtrack
from "Singing in the Rain"
choreographer: Zina Arten
dancers: Rachel Berks
Vanessa Henke
Amy Miot-Levinson
Emily Prager
Natalie Prager

10) **The Climb** Composer: the Incredible String Band
choreographer: Rachel Berks
dancers: Rachel Berks
Simone Chess
Caren Kramer
Amy Miot-Levinson
Emily Prager
Kerrith Solomon
Lizzie Sroka
Lily Thom
Morgan Witkin

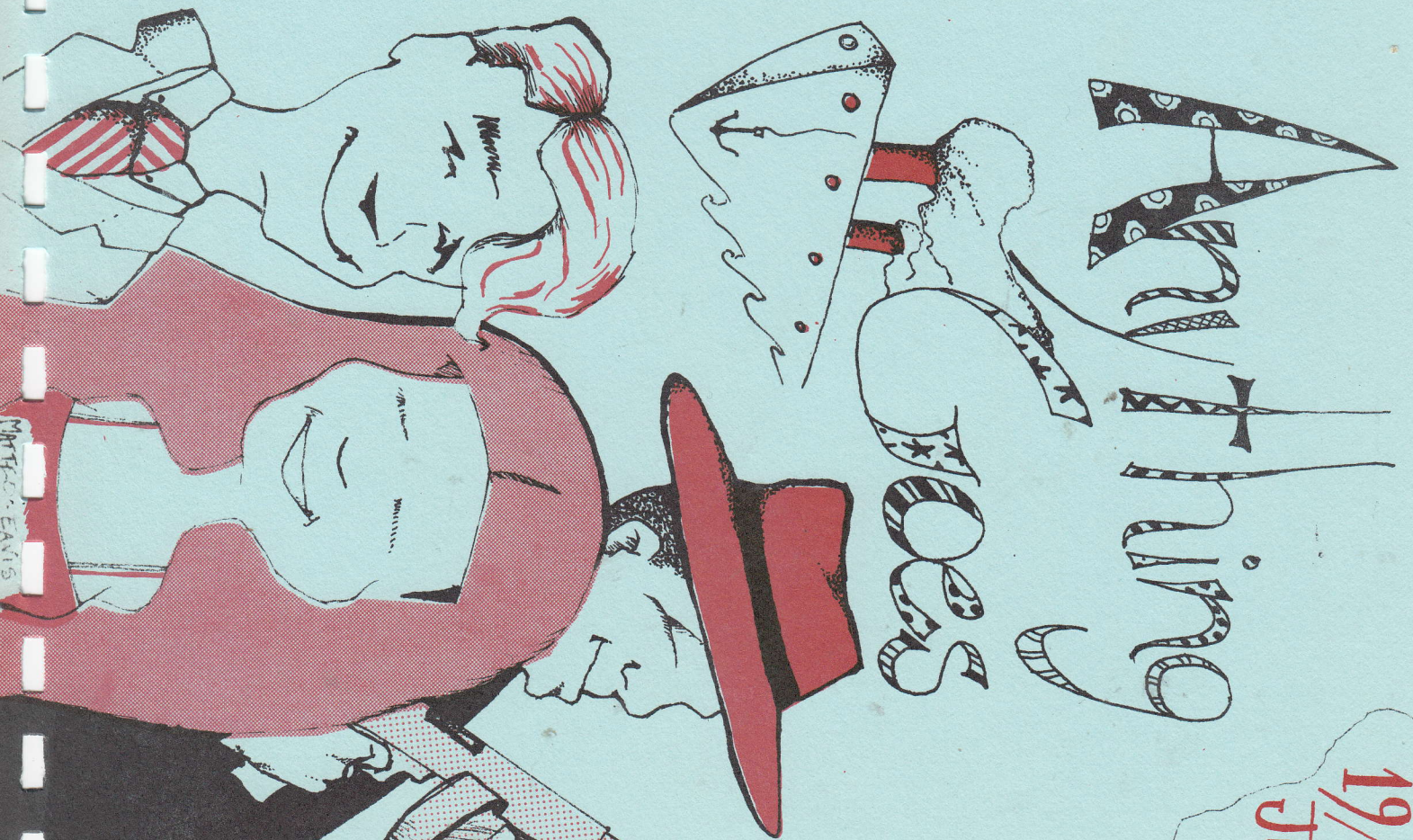
11) **Dancers By Degas** Composer: Drigo
choreographer: Zina Arten
dancers: Melanie Errico
Vanessa Henke
Caren Kramer
Amy Miot-Levinson
Natalie Prager
Kerrith Solomon
Stephanie Victor
Morgan Witkin

12) **Finale**
Entire company

Special Thanks: Richard Dunham, the LSD crew, Jim Wallenberg, Elizabeth Rowbotham, the Costume Shop, The Pub Shop, Liz Scheier, and, of course, Ernst.



Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Road,
New Milford, CT. 06776



Anything Goes a Musical Comedy

Music and Lyrics by

Cole Porter

Original Book by

Guy Bolton, P.G. Wodehouse, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse

New Book by

Timothy Crouse and John Weidman

Director: Ernie Johns

Assistant Directors: Amy Herzog and Sarah Hirshan

Musical Director and Conductor: Erika Blumberg

Photographer: Amanda Lipitz

Lighting Design: Rich Dunham

Costume Design: J.C. Carter and Alexa Zimmerman

Sound Design: Craig Rainsner

Production Design: Helen McInnes and Ellen Baggs

Technical Coach: Sarah Egan

List of Characters

Eno Sweeney	Amanda Lipitz
Pepe Harcourt	Eve Kagan
Langelaine Harcourt	Sarah Levithan
Ed Evelyn Oakleigh	Abe Goldfarb
Sha Whitney	Raphael Kasen
Ly Crocker	Josh Asen
Conface Martin	Matt Fantaci
Ma	Melanie Errico
Ke	Michael Donahue
John	Jaki Silver
pp's Captain	Beth Kalisch
pp's Purser	Jason Klein
ed the Bartender	Ian Schleifer
gels/Dance Captains	
Purity	Lindsay Hoops
Chastity	Zoë Levy
Charity	Reisha Goldman
Virtue	Thomasin Franken
Male Quartet/Sailors	Warren Sroka
	Ian Schleifer
	Peter Tucci
	Jason Klein

Ship's Passengers

Lily Traub, Lisa Schulman, Mara Wolman, Rachel Swift, Lauren Levy, Elizabeth Schumaecker

Orchestra

Piano	Elizabeth Rowbotham
Bass	Mike Fittipaldi
Guitar	Peter Galub
Drums	Geoff Goldman
Violin	Jim Wallenberg
Trumpet	Mitch Weschler
Reeds	Jay Hassan
	David Fishkin
	Allegra Bartko
	Ted Masur
Percussion	Valeri Liiva

LSD Crew

Nicole D'Amico, Greg Dratva, Bill Jakob, Bill Hann, Tony Sciortino, Adam Berson, Matt Dilmaghani
Lighting Board Operator: Alexa Zimmerman
Sound Board Operator: Ron Wilson

Set Crew

John Busky, Adam Ellyson, Cameron Flint, Karen Chappell, Alyssa Nordhauser, Josh Leitner, Andrew Rosenberg, Sam Kusnetz, Mike Venning

Costume Crew

Rosemari Flewellen, Celine Bijleveld, Sharon Marston

Props

Jen Holmes, Sarah Tucker, Rebbie Weinberger, Gillian Foley, Rosie Benton

Special Thanks

Allegra Bartko, Megan Hart, Barry Tropp, Jon Parley, the Directors, Rose Bonczek, Steve Ansell, the Pub Shop, and Ernst.

The Music - **SHEP**

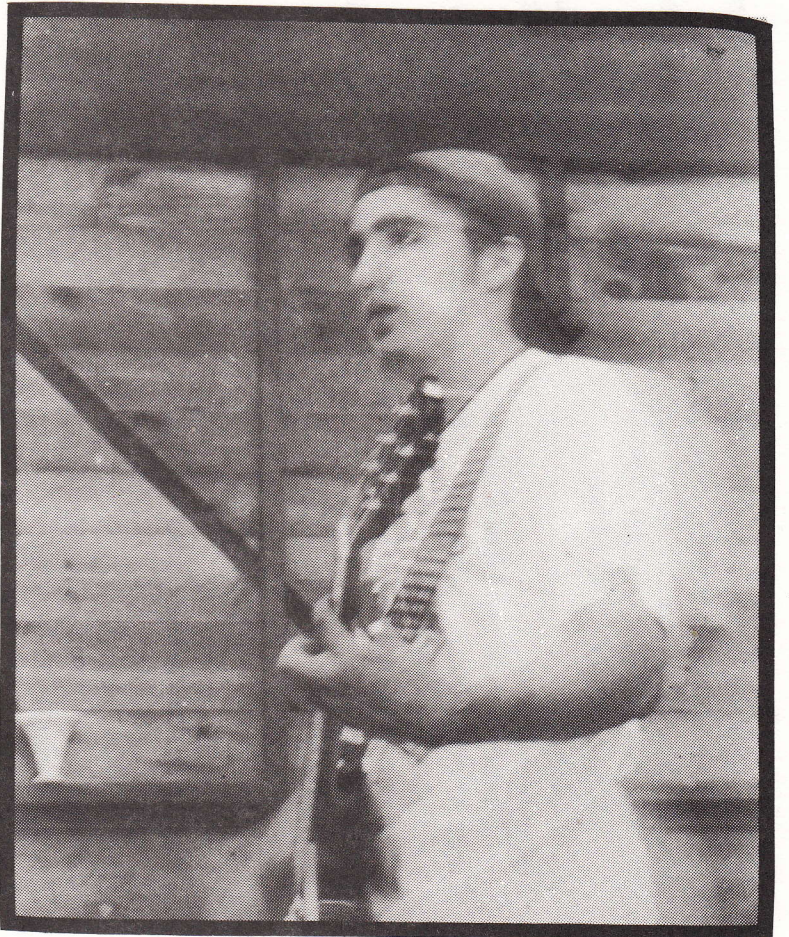
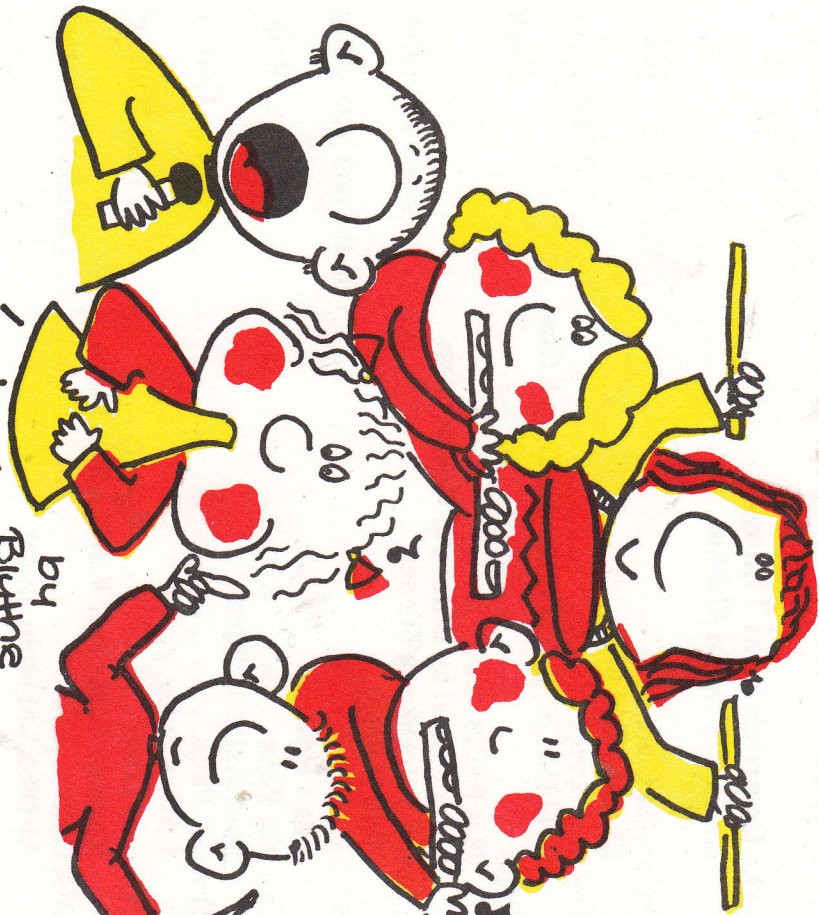


Photo by Sylvie Rosenthal



Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
New Milford, CT. 06776



by
Blythe
Sheldon

CAMPER
RECITAL
JULY 21ST

Camper Recital

and Give My Life For You from "Miss Saigon"
Lauren Levy
 On My Own Boubil and Schonberg
Nina Krauss
 Dreamed a Dream Boubil and Schonberg
Allison Nahmias
 Moonmoon for Two Sonny Rollins
 The Chicken Maceo Parker

Jazz Improvisation Thang *directed by David Fishkin*

Prelude in C major Bach
Blythe Sheldon, piano
 The Rain Song Led Zeppelin
Eric Hirsch, Eric Yudin, and Danya Gass

Gigue Bach
Nat Budin, cello
 accompanied by **Elizabeth Rowbotham**
 Loved You Once in Silence Lerner and Lowe

Beth Kalisch
 Who Am I? Boubil and Schonberg
Mike Roth

Original Piece Kahn

Sam Kahn, trumpet

Original Piece Conley

Chris Conley, guitar

Where is Love? from "Oliver"

Spencer Stone and Valeri Liiva, flutes

Blackbird Lennon/McCartney

Melissa Goldman, guitar

Invention Bach

Rachel Gardner and Jay Hassan, clarinets

Bouree Bach

Alana Clements, flute and **Rachel Gardner**, clarinet

Closer to Fine Indigo Girls

Danielle Friedman

Duo for Violin and Cello Beethoven

Laura Stelman, cello and **Jim Wallenberg**, violin

Naive Melody (This Must Be The Place) David Byrne

Danya Gass and Peter Galub, guitar

Sarabanda and Gavotta Corelli

Marisa Escobar, trumpet

accompanied by **Ted Masur**

L'Chi Lach Debbie Friedman

Sound of Silence Simon and Garfunkel

Shelley Lavin and Beth Kalisch

Three Minuets For 2 Violins and Cello Beethoven

Ilana Solomon, cello

Myq Kaplan and Sara Kroll-Rosenbaum, violin

L'orage Burgmuller

Leah Nelson, piano

Jazz Improvisation Thang

Dan Tucker, alto sax

Andrew Finkelstein, alto sax

Matt Dilmaghani, trumpet

David Fishkin, tenor sax

Ted Masur, piano

Colin Schleifer, guitar

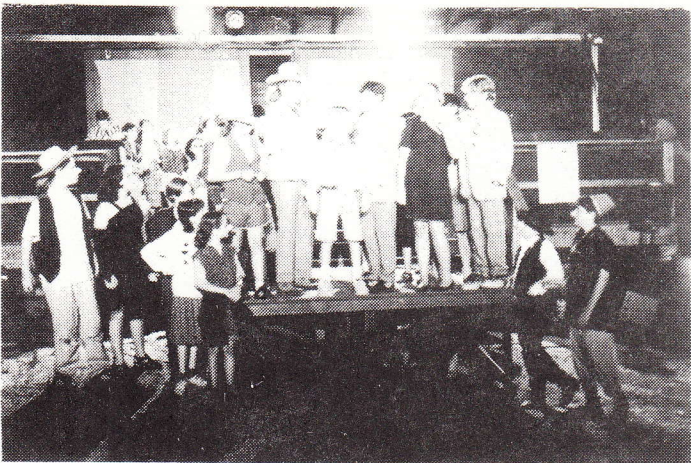
Mike Fittipaldi, bass

Ariel Nelson, drums

Dan Bobkoff, percussion

THE CLOWN SHOW PRESENTS:

YAMA'S So Western



Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
New Milford, CT. 06776

Yo' Mama's So Western A Clown Show in One Act

July 21, 1995

A smart ass just don't fit in a saddle."

-Texas Bix Bender (in A Cowboy's Guide to Life)

I'm a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride; I'm wanted, WANTED, dead or alive."

-Bon Jovi

Cast: (in no particular order)

Murray Goldbowels..... John Levy
Lily O'Liley..... Becky Drysdale
Owen Lars..... Fro
Randall Wade..... Peter Licalsi
Inglebob Cowhide..... Phil Haspel
on Splitsville..... Eli Mark
Clerk..... Jake Adams
Man With No Name..... Gabe Shaykin
Sheriff..... Jordana Turek-Herman
Old Escargot..... Ali Gramaglia
Gladys the Psycho Deputy..... Emily Brochin
Elderly Caviar..... Elizabeth Reeds
Janice McFee..... Emily Weinstein
The Dealer..... Ruth Israely
Butch..... Marc Mayer
Loretta..... Lauren Mirsky
Missy..... Claire Freierman
Escargot..... Adriane Sandler
Caviar..... Naomi Schwarz
Beli Danset..... Samantha Crane
The Damsel in Distress..... Allison Glazer
Bad Guy..... Max Bean
ack..... Whyte Kye Mauriello
Mariel the Mermaid..... Haley Tanner
Airplane Man..... Jon Rachmani
ustus Bobkoff..... Ted Phillips
Opie the Dead Cat..... Himself
Diga the Old Lady..... Laura Weiss
Bullwhip Dershowitz..... Abe Goldfarb
Cowpolk McGimp..... Drew Casey
Video Game/ Flash Caine..... Jessica Weiss
Choo Choo Charlie..... Alex Kroll
Ace..... Scott Seward
Radini the Great..... James Granger
Maxwell..... Another Random Rubber Chicken
The Nay-Saye..... Emily Mendelsohn
The Mothe..... Lori Feldstein
ia..... Erin Fogel
Mese..... Lauren Levy

Louise Goldbowels..... Gena Oppenheim
Edna Aconafakea..... Vicki Phillips
Jailbird McGee..... Andrew Merelis
Irwin Aconafakea..... Adam Turek- Herman
The Kid..... Joey Roth
Sue Ellen..... Sarah Handelsman
Chip Lars..... Jason Klein
Abigail..... Sara Wolkowitz
Mara..... Mara Wolfman
The Brat..... Dan Tucker
Qu'est-ce Que C'est..... Rachel Spiller
Piano Played By..... J.J.

Prop Posse:

Rebecca Brachman
Sara Mirsky
Jaime Kougat

Crew:

Lighting Designer--Tony Sciortino
Lighting Board Operator--Barrett Tryon
Sound Designers--Adam Berson and Matt Dilmaghani
Sound Board Operator--Dan Dorfsman
LSD Crew--Brett Kizner, Greg Dratva, and Bill Hann
Set Crew-- Rich Dunham, John Busky, Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Cameron Flint, and Alyssa Nordhauser

Directors:

"Poker"--Directed by Adam Markovics
"The Pliznot Thiznickens"--Directed by Michael Gitter, Assisted by Becky Drysdale
"Lawyers of the Plain"--Directed by Sam Hack, Assisted by Abe Goldfarb
"Robbery"--Directed by David Iserson, Assisted by Fro
"Silent Movie"--Directed by Brett Berg
Other things by Sam and Shana Hack

The action of this tale takes place in Angstridden, New Mexico, 200 miles due west of Salty Prostitute, Texas, and due north of Small German Principality, Mexico.

Yo' Mama's So Western was conceived and developed by the 1995 Buck's Rock Clowns.

Thank You:

The Directors, Rose Ernie 'n Steve, Pub, AI & The Kitchen, the nurses, the awfice, set design, LSD, Sport Craft Ping-Pong Balls, Costume, Maintenance, Video, Sandy Martin, K-Mart (especially the clerk who looks like Quentin Tarantino), Lori Iserson, Your Mama, and, of course, Ernst.

C.I.T.s

A+ Night

'95



Buck's Rock Camp
59 Buck Rock Rd.
New Milford, CT. 06776

C.I.T. Showcase 1995

A collection of scenes and one act plays

1. Supreme Beings Create the World
Excerpt from Parallel Lives by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney

Directed by Amy Herzog

Amanda Lipitz
Gena Oppenheim

Scenes from Angels in America-Part I Millennium Approaches
by Tony Kushner

Directed by Sarah Hirshan

Joe Pitt/Prior Walter- David Hanlon
Harper Pitt - Wiley Bowen

For Whom the Southern Belle Tolls
by Christopher Durang

Directed by Siobhan Lockhart
Note: This is based on the play The Glass Menagerie
by Tennessee Williams

Amanda- Sarah Y. Tucker
Laurence - Matt Fantaci
Tom- Raphael Kasen
Ginny- Rosie Benton

2. Period Piece
Amanda Lipitz
Gena Oppenheim

3. Supreme Beings Create the World
(A Good Many Years Later)
Amanda Lipitz
Gena Oppenheim

Scenes from Shakers
by John Godbar

Directed by Wiley Bowen

Adele - Sarah Levithan
Carol- Emily Mendelsohn
Nicky- Jaki Silver

Treading Water
by Joey A. Chavez

Directed by Abby Rasminsky

Jack- Isaac Butler
Cindy- Becky Drysdale
Doctor, Mother, Minister- Jennifer Holmes

4. Annette and Gina
Annette - Amanda Lipitz
Gina - Gena Oppenheim

CREW-

Lighting Design - Alexa Zimmerman
Sound Design - Adam Berson

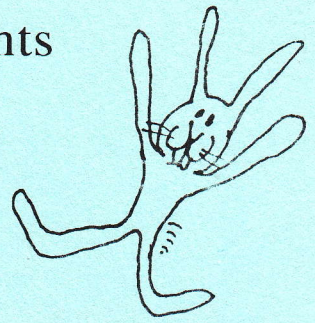
Set Design - Matt Dilmaghani
Alyssa Nordhauser
Gillian Foley

Special Thanks: Rose, Steve, Ernie, Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum, Myq Kaplan, Jeff Samuels, Tuck, Marisa, Pub Shop, Beth Kalisch, Brett Kizner, Sarah Levithan, Those beautiful theatre J.Cs (They didn't write this), John, Sandy, and of course, Ernst.

INTERMISSION

Buck's Rock Animal Farm Presents

ANIMAL SHOW 1995



The order of classes is as follows:

Best Groomed

Quietest

Noisiest

Closest Lookalike to the Adopter

Most Adorable

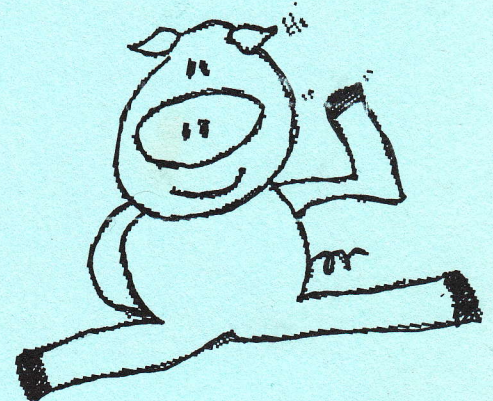
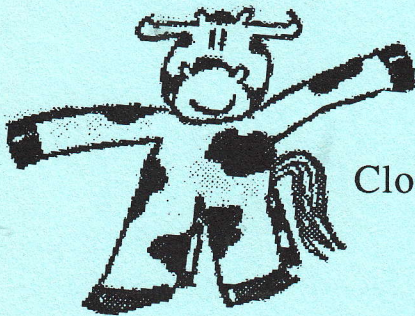
Best Behaved

Most Personality

Best Trick

Friendliest

Best Costume



The animal farm staff would like to thank all of those campers who adopted animals this summer and provided care for them on a daily basis.

Todd Berger, Andrea Cochrane, Helen Dunderdade



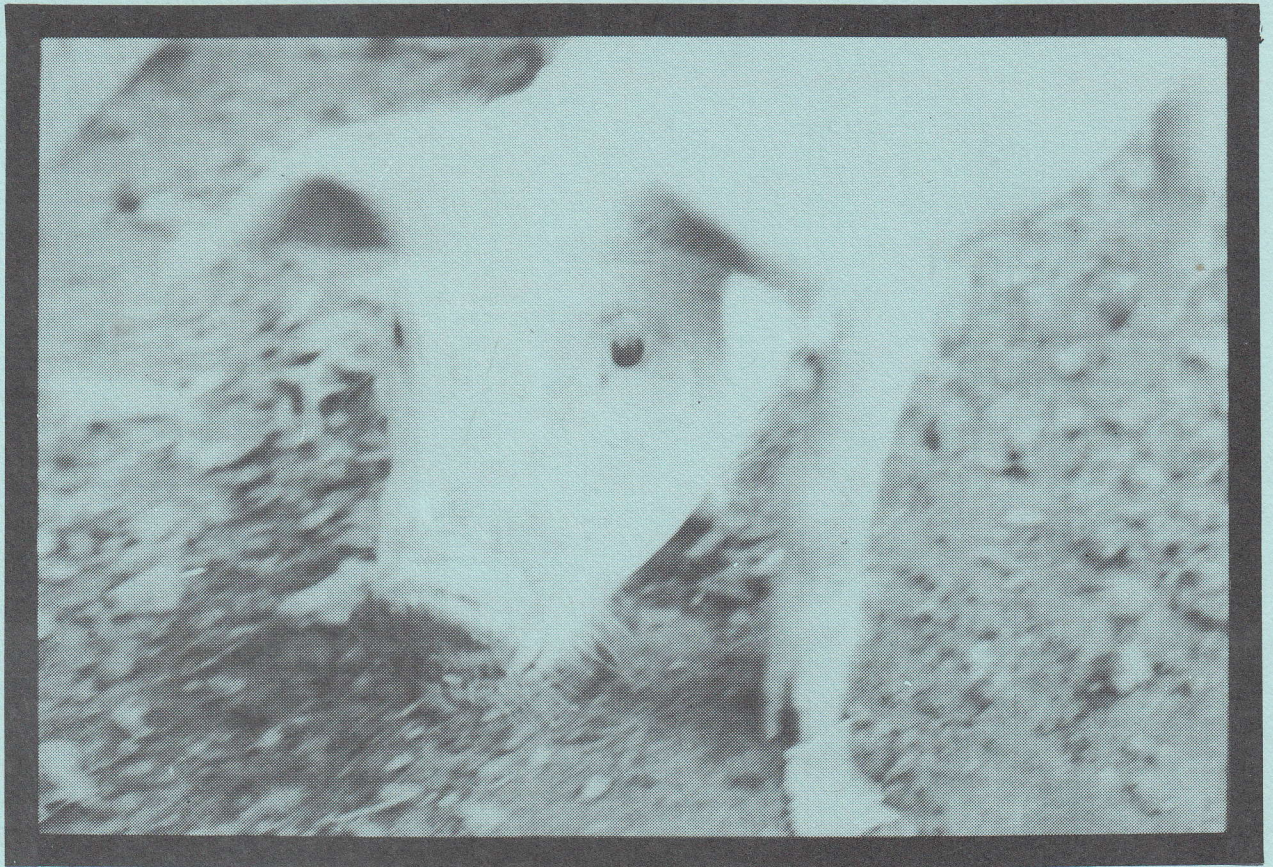
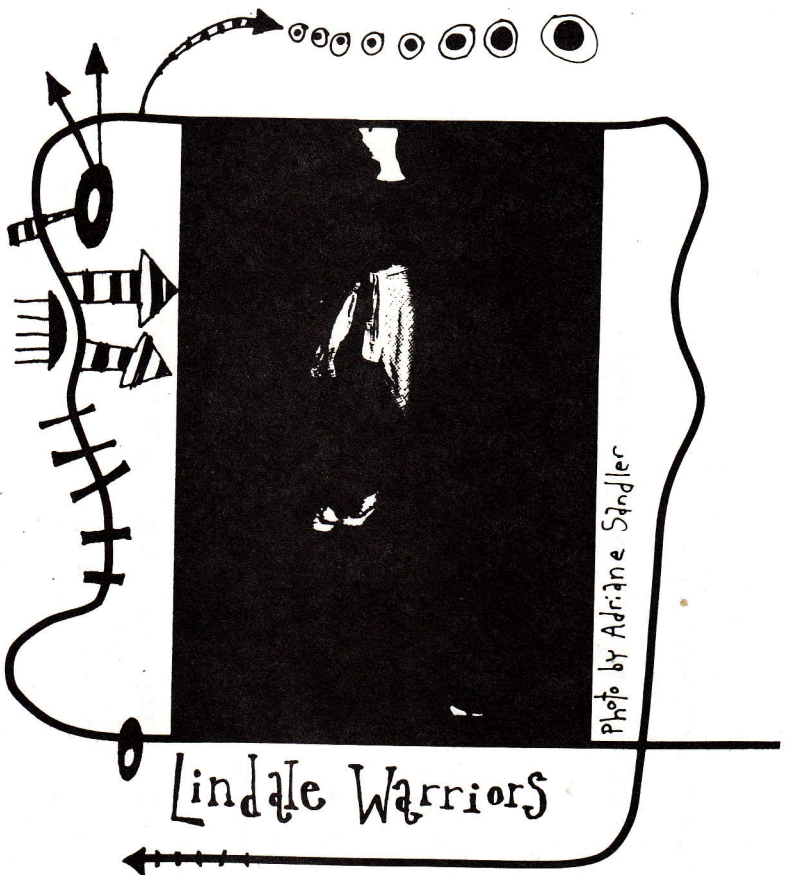


Photo by Craig Fuller

Lindale warriors



Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
New Milford, CT. 06776



together.
forever.
always.
warriors.

Lindale Warriors

" Please deliver us from matching sweatshirts and 'chicken in the rough', from evenings sat on couple row admiring the Set Design - Rich Dunham
Set Construction - Jonathan Busky, Cameron Flint,
Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Allyssa Nordhauser,
Gillian Foley

Written and Directed by Steve Ansell
Assistant Director Sarah Hirshan
Stage Manager Sarah Levithan
Additional Stage Managing by Mike Perlman

Cast:

Kit - Eric Hirsch
Chase - David Golden
Angel - Wiley Bowen
Jen - Megan Hart
Brian - James Granger
Cat - Thomasin Franken
Nuts - Jon Brooks
Monk - Abe Goldfarb
Bag Lady/Guitar Girl - Becky Drysdale
Chug - Jason Klein
Riz - Scott Seward
Sniffer - Whyte Kye Mauriello
Manee - Stacey Gish
Tease - Amanda Lipitz
Kim - Chrissy Rand
Narrator - Amanda Quaid
Gill Evans - Jen Holmes
Gavin - Ian Schleifer
Plainclothes Policeman - John Levy
Policeman - Daniel Cohen
Protestors - Lindsay Hoopes
Lizzie Sroka
Bouncer - Barry Tropp

NOTE: PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT A STROBE LIGHT WILL BE USED DURING THE PERFORMANCE.

Crew:

Costume Design - Helen McInnes
Costume Crew - Ellen Baggs, Rosmari Flewellen,
Celine Bijleveld, Sharon Marston
Set Design - Rich Dunham
Set Construction - Jonathan Busky, Cameron Flint,
Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Allyssa Nordhauser,
Gillian Foley

LSD
Lighting Design and Light Board Operator - Tony Scortino
Sound Design - Craig Raisner
Sound Board Operator - Alexa Zimmerman
Master Electrician - Greg Dratva
Slide Projector Operator - Brett Kizner

LSD Crew - Matt Dilmaghani, Adam Berson, J.C. Carter,
Bill Jakob, Bill Hahn, Nicole D'Amico

Photo Credits
Original Photo Images - Karyn Lyman, Emily Meg Weinstein
Frank Miller, Ansel Adams
Slide Photography - Karyn Lyman, Steve Ansell

Nut's Jewelry - Juliet Ross
Prop Construction - Jon Parley

Original Music - Steve Ansell
Arrangement - The Cast

Music by: Sticky Little Fingers, The Senseless Things,
The Smiths, and Lavender Rose

Special Thanks: Eve, Wood, Ian Jackson, Stan Schleifer, Sarah Egan, Ernie, Rose,
Theatre Arts, Juliet Ross, Karyn Lyman, Brett Kizner, Pub, Sarah Tucker, McDonalds,
Matteo Fantaci, and the man who made all of this possible, Ernst.

Very Special Thanks to Elaine Strange

This production is dedicated to Peter, Gary and all the other Lindale Warriors I have known.

Please note that all lit cigarettes on stage are herbal nicotine and tar free.

House of Blue Leave

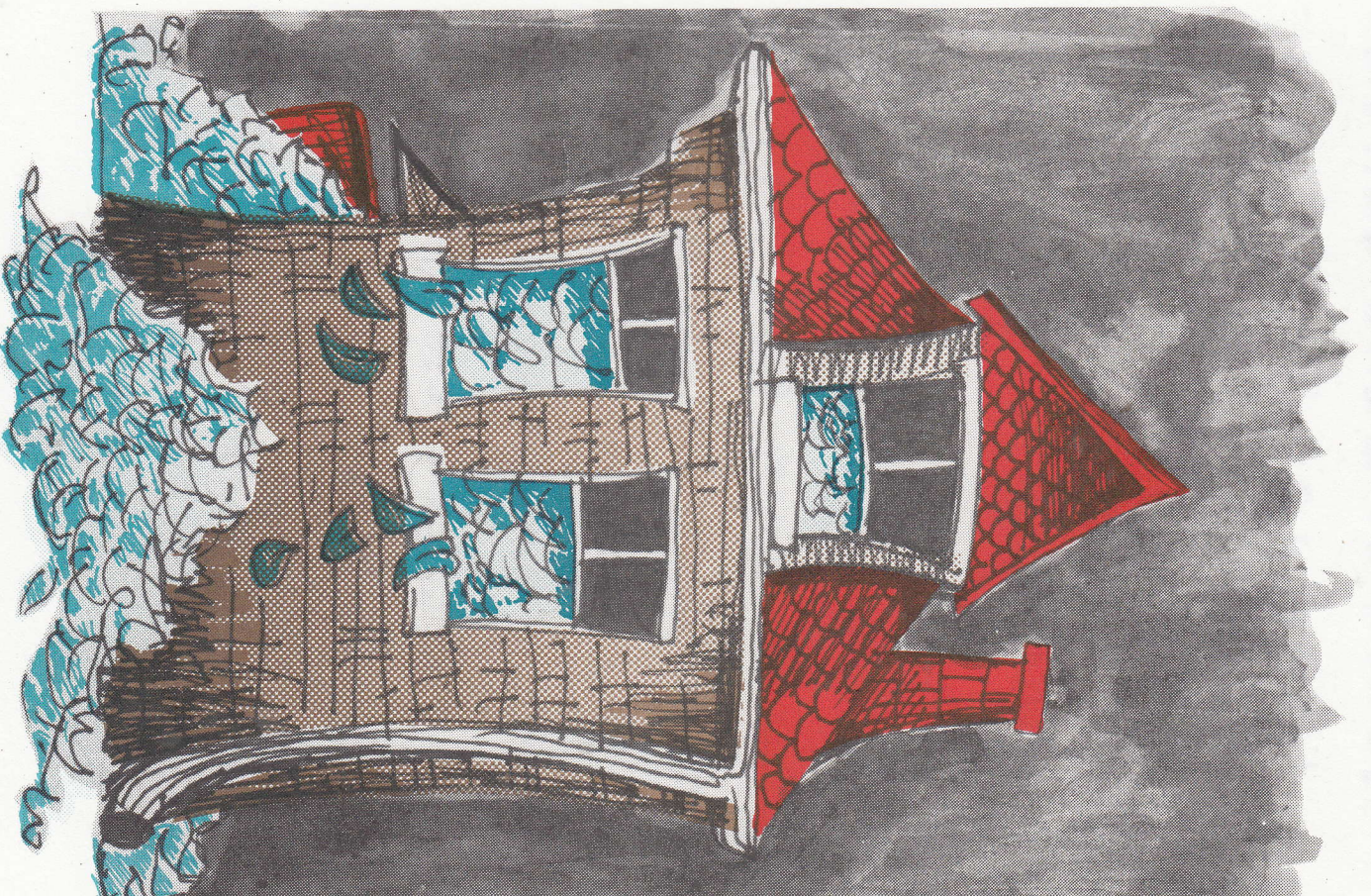


photo by David Golden.



Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
New Milford, CT. 06776

August 5, 1995

HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES

WRITTEN BY JOHN GUARE

DIRECTED BY ERNIE JOHNS

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR AMY HERZOG

CAST:

ARTIE SHAUGHNESSY- ISSAC BUTLER

RONNIE SHAUGHNESSY- MATT FANTACI

BUNNY FLINGUS- LAURA MILLENDORF

BANANAS SHAUGHNESSY- SARAH TUCKER

CORINNA STROLLER- SARAH HANDELSMAN

HEAD NUN- EUNICE KIM

SECOND NUN- LINDSAY HOOPES

LITTLE NUN- ELLEN LATZEN

M.P.- MICHAEL DONAHUE

THE WHITE MAN- MIKE ROTH

BILLY EINHORN- RAPHAEL KASEN

CREW:

COSTUME DESIGN - CELINE BIELEVELD,
ROSEMARI FLEWELLEN

COSTUME CREW - HELEN MCINNES,
ELLEN BAGGS, SHARON MARSTON

SET DESIGN - RICH DUNHAM

SET CONSTRUCTION - JONATHAN BUSKY,
CAMERON FLINT, ADAM EDELSON,

KAREN CHAPPELL, ALLYSSA NORDHAUSER,
GILLIAN FOLEY, ANDREW ROSENBERG,
JOSH LEITNER, ARIANA MOSES, AND
CAREN KRAMER

LSD

LIGHTING DESIGN- GREG DRATVA

SOUND DESIGN - CRAIG RAISNER

SOUND BOARD AND LIGHTING BOARD OPERATOR-
CHAYA MEED

MASTER ELECTRICIAN - BILL JAKAB
SPECIAL EFFECTS- CRAIG RAISNER

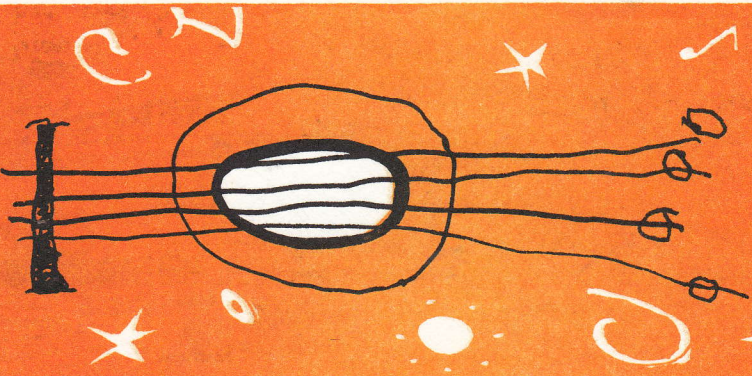
LSD CREW - MATT DILMAGHANI, ADAM BERSON,
J.C. CARTER, BILL JAKAB, BILL HAHN,
NICOLE D'AMICO

SPECIAL THANKS: EVE, JON PARLEY,
ROSE BONCZEK, STEVE ANSELL, SARAH HIRSHAN,
LINDSAY HOOPES, THE THEATER C.I.T.s AND
J.C.s, MARISA KURTZMAN, SAM MAZZARELLA,
PUB, JOSH PATTERSON, THE KITCHEN, AND THE
MAN WHO MADE ALL OF THIS POSSIBLE, ERNST.

The Music - **SHEP**

Staff Recital

1995



8.4.95

Buck's Rock Camp

59 Buck Rock Road

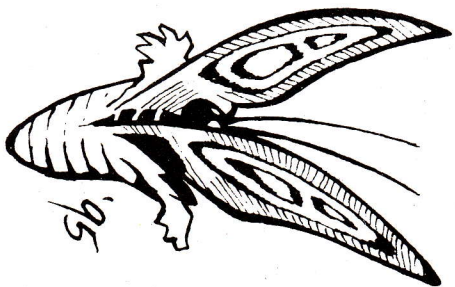
New Milford

CT. 06776

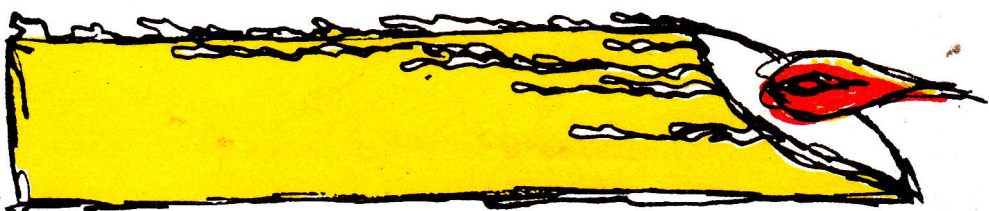
The entire staff is delighted to welcome you to our second staff recital, right here, at the music shed. Sit back, relax and enjoy music under the stars. You will hear performances in every musical idiom; solos, duets, trios, and much more. Your favorite form of music is only one performance away.

Jay Hassan
Ted Masur
Erica Blumberg
Sarah Egan
Jim Wallenberg
Peter Galub
Elizabeth Rowbotham
Valeri Liiva
Mitch Wechsler
Geoffrey Goldman
Dan Seidan
Mike Fittipaldi
Colin Schleifer J.C.
Allegra Bartko J.C.
Dave "the Fish" kin J.C.
Myq Kaplan C.I.T
Matt Haicken C.I.T
Bryan Newman C.I.T
Chris Conley C.I.T

The Shuah Project



Buck's Rock Camp
51 Buck Rock Road
New Milford
CT. 06776



"I WILL GIVE THEM AN EVERLASTING NAME"

The Shoah Project

"Theatre should not be performed in a graveyard."

-slogan posted throughout the Vilna ghetto in response to the announcement of the first concert presented by the Theatre Section of the Cultural Dept. of the ghetto.

Director: Rose Bonczek

Assistant Directors: Siobhan Lockhart and Abigail Rasminsky

Stage Manager: Rosemary Benton

Cast

Dana Alpert

Rosemary Benton

Liz Carena

Laura Fenton

Danielle Friedman

Reisha Goldman

Jennifer Holmes

John Levy

Zoe Levy

Eli Mark

Marc Mayer

Emily Mendelsohn

Gena Oppenheim

Moira Reilly

Liz Schumaecker

Jaki Silver

Lizzie Sroka

Rebbie Weinberger

Gabrielle White

CREW

Set Designer: Jonathan Busky

Set Crew: Rich Dunham, Adam Ellyson, Cameron Flint, Karen Chappell, Alyssa Nordhauser, Gillian Foley

Lighting Designer: Alexa Zimmerman

Sound Designers: Craig Raisner, Bill Hann

Master Electrician: J.C. Carter

Lighting Board Operator: Alyssa Nordhauser

Sound Board Operator: Liz Johnson

Voice-over: Craig Raisner

LSD Crew: J.C. Carter, Nicole D'Amico, Greg Dratva,

Bill Jakab, Tony Sciortino, Adam Berson, Matt Dilmaghani, Bill Hann, Brett Kizner

Costume Designers: Ellen Baggs, Sharon Marston

Costume Crew: Celine Bijleveld, Rosemary Flewellen, Helen McInnes

Special Thanks to: Ernie and Steve, the Theatre JCs and CITs, Claude Lanzmann, Peter and Chris for the movie, Pub, The Art Shop, The Clown Shop, Dr. Margaret Rustow, Marlene and Stan Simon, Betty Bonczek, Melissa Faulkner, Sarah Zoogman, Cast and Families who contributed information, and, of course, the man who made this possible, Ernst.

Shoah Project is dedicated to all those whose stories we share tonight, and to the 6 million.

All material has been collected from personal narratives found in these sources:

I Never Saw Another Butterfly. Children's stories and poems from the Terezin Concentration Camp 1942-1944.

Editor: Hana Volavkovd

The Holocaust Martin Gilbert

A Holocaust Reader Lucy S. Dawipowicz

Soldiers from the Ghetto Shalom Cholawski

...and God Cried Charles Lawliss

Shoah Claude Lanzmann



Photo by Xavier Newton

Buck's Rock Camp
59 Buck Rock Road
New Milford, CT
06776 ©1995



the future, where most of you will spend the rest of your lives..." -- Plan Nine From Outer Space

NUCLEAR-ATOMIC GENETIC MUTANTS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Directed by Shana Hack
Liz Reeds (Assistant Director)
Emily Mendelsohn
Alex Kroll
Jake Adams
Anastasia Arten

Gabe Shaykin
J.J.
Sarah Handelsman
Whyle Kye Mauriello

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Directed by David Iserson
Liz Reeds (Assistant Director)
Emily Mendelsohn
Alex Kroll
Jake Adams
Anastasia Arten

Annie Reeds
Ted Phillips
J.J.
Mara Wolman

COULD YOU LIKE SOME QUALITY WITH THAT?

Directed by Adam Markovics
Liz Reeds (Assistant Director)
Emily Mendelsohn
Alex Kroll
Jake Adams
Anastasia Arten

Eli Mark
Rosie Benton
Brad Raimondo
Sarah Wild

WACK HIM TO THE CURB

Directed by Mike Gitter
Liz Reeds (Assistant Director)
Emily Mendelsohn
Alex Kroll
Jake Adams
Anastasia Arten

Max Bean
Ruth Israely
James Granger

YOU SUNK MY BATTLESHIP

Directed by Sam Hack and Abe Goldfarb
Liz Reeds (Assistant Director)
Emily Mendelsohn
Alex Kroll
Jake Adams
Anastasia Arten

Andrew Merelis
Amy Firestone
Emily Weinstein

DUMB SHOW

Directed by Sam Hack
Liz Reeds (Assistant Director)
Emily Mendelsohn
Alex Kroll
Jake Adams
Anastasia Arten

Sarah Handelsman
Alex Kroll
Gabe Shaykin

A TALE OF GOTHIC WHOR!

Directed by Shana Hack
Liz Reeds (Assistant Director)
Emily Mendelsohn
Alex Kroll
Jake Adams
Anastasia Arten

Amy Liskow
Rebecca Brachman
Joey Roth
Erin Fogel

ALIENS

Directed by Brett Berg
Bonnie Weiss
Emily Zilber
Gretchen Guendelsberger
Colin Hagendorf
Pic

Adriane Sandler
Lauren Levy
Sara Bonnie
Courtney Hollender
Rachel Spiller

aliens chased by: Joe Z. and Becky D.

This groove thang was conceived and developed by the 1995 Buck's Rock Clowns

Set Crew: Rich Dunham, Cameron "the man" Flint, Adam "our homeboy" Ellyson, Jon Busky, Karen Chappell, Alyssa Nordhauser, Gillian Foley

LSD Crew:

Lighting Design: Nicole D'amico
Lighting Board Operator: Josh Leitner
Sound Design: Matt Dilmaghani and Adam Berson
Sound Board Operator: Justin Finkle

Shouts out to:

The Directors: Rose, Ernie 'n Steve, Set Design, LSD, Costume, PUB, Maintenance, the Awfice, the nurses, the kitchen, video, tylenol (but not aspirin 'cause of Reye's disease), George Lucas, Sarah Egan, Craig Raisner, the NMPD, Dawn from 2 bucks, Jenny Jones, Quality Inn, those who didn't get a bow, Rebecca O'Brien, Jon Leigh, Erica Babad (sigh), Sandy and Jon (Metric and Parley), our mommies and daddies, and Ernst of course.

Special Clown Technician: Sir Jonathan Busky

Cover by Peter Licalsi

"You can't fight in here; this is the war room"

-- Dr. Strangelove

Y0, a hack, hack, iserson, markovics & glitter production, Y0

Stage Managed by: Alyssa Nordhauser
Extra special thanks to the Music Shed for their performance:

Pre-Show

Canonc Sonata for Two Violins- GP Telemann

Jim Wallenberg - Violin

Myq Kaplan- Violin

Selected Duos for Two Violins- Bela Bartok

Jim Wallenberg- Violin

Myq Kaplan- Violin

Musical Interlude

Meditation- W.F. Ambrosio (Bach - Gounod)

Jim Wallenberg- Violin

Elizabeth Rowbotham



'95

Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Rd.,
New Milford, CT
06776 ©'95



DANCE NIGHT

SATURDAY AUGUST 12, 1995
SUMMER THEATER, 8:30 P.M.

DANCE STAFF:

JUDY LASKO
ZINA ARTEN
KATHERINE TYLER
RACHEL BERKS

PUTTING ON THE RITZ

Choreographer: Zina Arten
Dancers: Michelle Frankel, Megan Hart, Vanessa Henke,
Rochelle Nuss, Emily Price

Irving Berlin

HN DOE

Choreographers and dancers: Megan Hart, Lizzie Sroka,
Rebbie Weinberger

Ani DiFranco

AGINE

Choreographer: Katherine Tyler
Dancers: Michelle Frankel, Rochelle Nuss, Emily Prager,
Emily Price

John Lennon

RAIGHT UP

Choreographer and dancer: Lizzie Sroka

L FEET CAN DANCE

Choreographer: Judy Lasko
Dancers: Chelsea Levy, Simone Chess
Melissa Sacchetta, Vanessa Henke
Alison Johnson, Liz Schlaifer
Anastasia Arten, Caitlin Hardy

Turk Murphy

DDY

Choreographers: Renay Frankel, Emily Prager
Dancers: Renay Frankel
Megan Hart, Emily Prager, Emily Price, Lizzie Sroka,
Rebbie Weinberger

Indigo Girls

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

SPANISH SUITE

Choreographer: Zina Arten
Variation with a fan: Rochelle Nuss
Duet: Vanessa Henke, Emily Price
with Anastasia Arten, Simone Chess, Michelle Frankel,
Caitlin Hardy, Megan Hart, Meredith Martin.

Minkus

SHADOW DANCE

Choreographer: Rachel Berks
Dancers: Rachel Berks, Emily Prager

The Incredible String Band

FREEING THE HOLD

Choreographer: Rachel Berks
Dancers: Simone Chess, Michelle Frankel, Megan Hart,
Meredith Martin, Natalie Prager, Melissa Sacchetta, Lizzie Sroka,
Rebbie Weinberger, Morgan Witkin

Bjork

A GRAMALI

Choreographers: Debbie Horwits, Jaki Silver
Dancers: Caitlin Hardy, Debbie Horwits, Jaki Silver, Natalie Prager,
Morgan Witkin

Cirque de Soleil

CATS

Choreographer: Katherine Tyler
Dancers: Anastasia Arten, Michelle Frankel, Renay Frankel,
Vanessa Henke, Debbie Horwits, Chelsea Levy,
Chava Meed, Rochelle Nuss, Emily Price

Andrew Lloyd Webber

Lighting Design: Tony Sciortino and Nicole D'amico
Master Electrician: Bill Jakab w/Brett Ian Kizner
Sound Design: Bill Hann & Craig Raisner
Costume Design: Rosemary Flewollen, Helen McInnes.
Costume Crew: Celine Bijleveld, Ellen Baggs, Sharon Marston
Pub: Andrew Panico, Roy Berman, Jon Leigh

Special thanks: Set Design Crew, LSD Crew, Rachel Spiller: Necklaces for A
Gramali, People whose shoes and clothes we borrowed, Raymond A. Smith for
the Turk Murphy music, and of course Ernst.

Jazz Improvisation Thang

Saxophones:

Dan Blake
David Fishkin

Trombone

Mike Radosh

Trumpet

Ben Kramer

Piano

Dave Hanlon

Bass

Mike Fittipaldi

Drums

Ariel Nelson

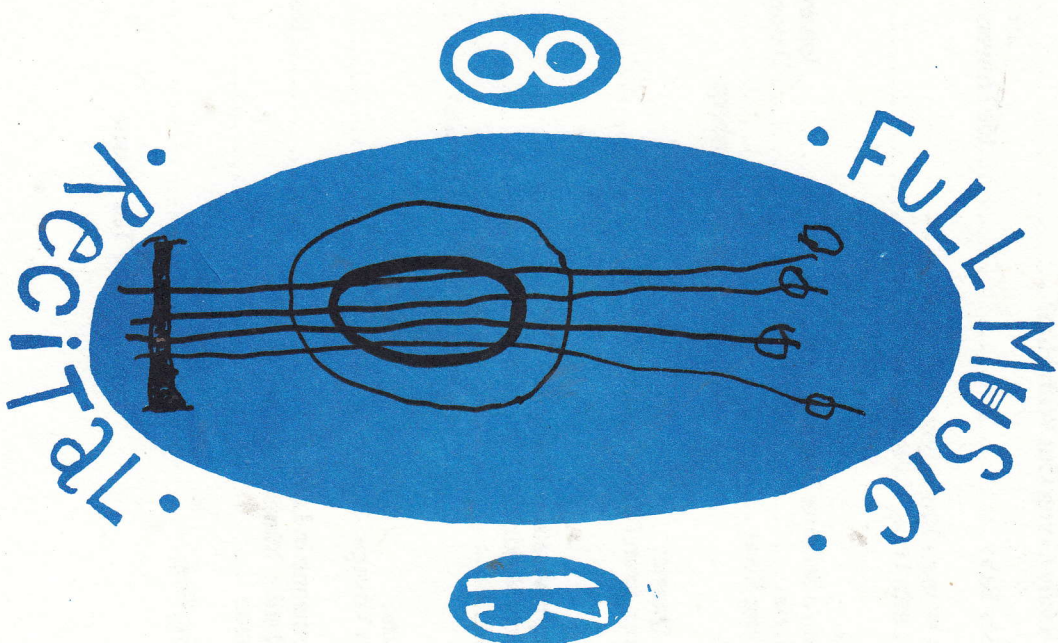
Guitar

Keri Knowles
Colin Schleifer

06776.
Rock Road,
New Milford,
Connecticut,
Buck's
Camp, 59



The Music - **SHED**



Orchestra

Illet from Sleeping Beauty Tchaikovsky
 Marche Hongroise Berlioz
 Waltz from Billy the Kid Aaron Copeland
 Colonel Bogey Alford
 orchestra conducted by Jay Hassan
 * orchestra conducted by Jim Wallenberg

Madrigals

ing We and Chant It Thomas Morley

Cappella

She Really Going Out With Him? Joe Jackson
 arr. Charlie Alterman
 Hello My Baby Joe Howard and Ida Emerson
 arr. Val Hicks

Music

ogie Woogie Bugle Boy Freddie Mercury
 Crazy Little Thing Called Love arr. Richard Hsu

Music

ch an, o Schones Morgen licht Johann Sebastian Bach
 e Maria Tomas Luis de Victoria
 Healing River Fred Hellerman
 conducted by Erika Blumberg

Music

ections from Fiddler on the Roof Harnick/Bock
 arr. Wallenberg

Music

What Thelonius Monk
 Myles Davis
 conducted by David Fishkin

Music

idden Voyage Herbie Hancock
 arr. Frank Taylor
 e Someone in Love Burke/Van Heusen
 ocal solo: Marisa Escobar
 e Bossa Kenny Durham
 arr. Cy Johnson
 g Sing Sing Louis Prima
 arr. Roy Philippe

conducted by Ted Masur

Orchestra

Violins
 Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum
 Geoff Goldman
 Anjali Dharan
 Leah Tivoli
 Myq Kaplan
 Jim Wallenberg

Viola
 Dan Cohen

Celli
 Peter Ryan
 Ilana Solomon
 Elizabeth Rowbotham

Bass
 Mike Fittipaldi

Piano
 Erika Blumberg

Percussion
 Ariel Nelson

Trumpets
 Ben Kramer
 Marisa Escobar
 Mitch Wechsler

Alto Sax
 Dan Blake
 Allegra Bartko

Tenor Sax
 Dave Fishkin

Flutes
 Alana Clements
 Judy Lackey
 Ted Masur
 Erika Strohlic

Clarinets
 Jason Laska
 Mollie Roskies
 Erika Blumberg

Chorus

Alana Clements A,M
 Celine Mestel
 Danielle Friedman
 Elizabeth Schlaifer
 Kate Schapira A,M
 Shelley Lavin A,M
 Marisa Escobar A,M
 Erica Berman
 Amanda Lipitz
 Megan Hart A
 Judy Lasko
 Melanie Errico
 Andrea Cochrane
 Ariana Moses A
 Michael Donahue A,M
 Daniel Blake
 Marc Mayer M
 Marie Sylvester
 Kim Williamson
 Allegra Bartko A,M
 Emily Zilber
 Lindsey R. Eckerd
 Sarah Levithan
 Jessica Lattif A,M
 Liz Schumaecker
 Allison Nahmias
 Mara Wolman A
 Siobhan Lockhart A
 Liz Scheler A
 Michael Fitzpatrick Jr. IV
 Hiro Yamazaki A
 Eric L. Hirsch A
 Eli Mark
 Myq Kaplan
 David "Amoeba" Hanlon A,M
 Jim "T.S.O." Wallenberg
 Mollie Roskies
 Beth Kalisch A
 Isaac Butler
 Natalie Bowers
 Sarah Egan
 Daniel Cohen
 Amanda Quaid
 Liz Johnson
 Sarah Bowers
 Ted Masur

"A" denotes A Cappella,
 "M" denotes Madrigals

String Quartet

Myq Kaplan
 Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum
 Dan Cohen
 Elizabeth Rowbotham

Jazz Band

Saxophones
 Allegra Bartko *
 Dan Blake
 David Fishkin *
 Samantha Garland
 Jody Krey
 Jason Laska

Trumpets
 Matt Dilmaghani
 Marisa Escobar
 Alexis Greer
 Raffi Kasen
 Mitch Wechsler *

Trombones
 Jay Hassan *
 Josh Leitner
 Mike Radosh
 Jeff Samuels

Piano
 David Hanlon

Bass
 Mike Fittipaldi *

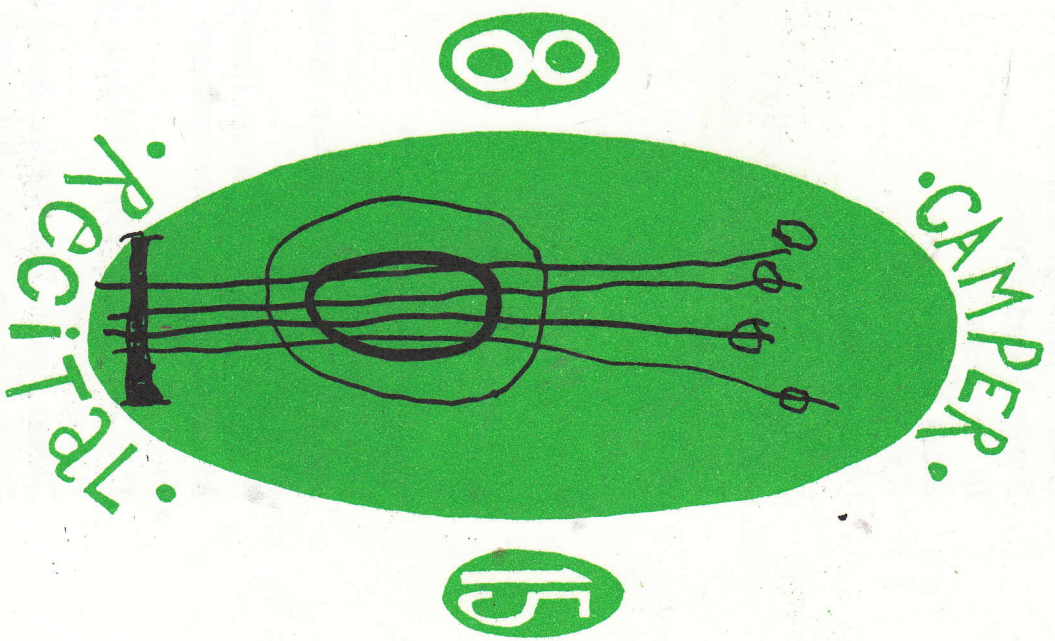
Percussion
 Geoff Goldman *
 Ariel Nelson

Guitar
 Keri Knowles
 Colin Schleifer *

* denotes Music Shed staff

The Music - SHED

Connecticut, 06776.
Camp: 59 Buck Rock Road,
New Milford, Bucks



<i>So In Love</i>	from Kiss Me Kate
Hillary Cohn	
<i>Somewhere Out There</i>	from An American Tail
Julia Bell & Lauren Levy	
<i>Everything's Coming Up Roses</i>	from Gypsy
Reisha Goldman	
<i>Clouds</i>	Joni Mitchell
Samantha Garland	
<i>Michael from Mountains</i>	Joni Mitchell
Emily Mendelsohn	
<i>In Liverpool</i>	Suzanne Vega
Fizzy Koster	
<i>Dust in the Wind</i>	Kerry Livgren
Mike Roth	
<i>Little Waltz in G</i>	Herfurth
Samantha Garland , violin	
<i>Toccata in D minor</i>	Bach
Peter Ryan , piano	
<i>Scenes from Childhood</i>	Grieg
<i>Mazurka</i>	Tchaikovsky
Daniel Kaplan , piano	
<i>Air in G</i>	Bach
Ben Kramer , trumpet	
<i>Sonata Movements</i>	Handel
Marisa Escobar , trumpet	
<i>Come Together</i>	Beatles
Jon Feinstein , Dan Blake, saxophone	
<i>Divertimento in D</i>	Mozart
Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum , Dan Cohen	
Myq Kaplan , Liz Rowbotham	
<i>Invention #7</i>	Bach
Dan Blake and Dave Fishkin , saxophone	
<i>Bessie's Blues</i>	Traditional
Jason Laska , Dan Blake, Ariel Nelson	
Dave Fishkin , Mike Fittipaldi, Ted Masur	



Buck's Rock Camp,
59 Buck Rock Road,
New Milford, CT. 06776

ROCK CAFE

1. Floyd

Jon Feinstein-Guitar
Chris Conley-Drums, Vocals
Bryan Newman-Bass, Vocals

1. *Master Satan **
2. *The Swimming Song **
3. *Mama Won't Let Me Out Of
The House **

3. Nathan

Chris Conley-Bass, Vocals
Bryan Newman-Drums
Matt Dilmaghani-Guitar

1. *French Maid **
2. *Fizzy **
3. *Assion Rock Song **

2. Rover

Hartley Goldstein-Guitar, Vocals
Carver Tate-Guitar, Vocals
Matt Dicke-Bass
Mike Reig-Drums

1. *Seven*
2. *Sonic Reducer*

4. Coagency

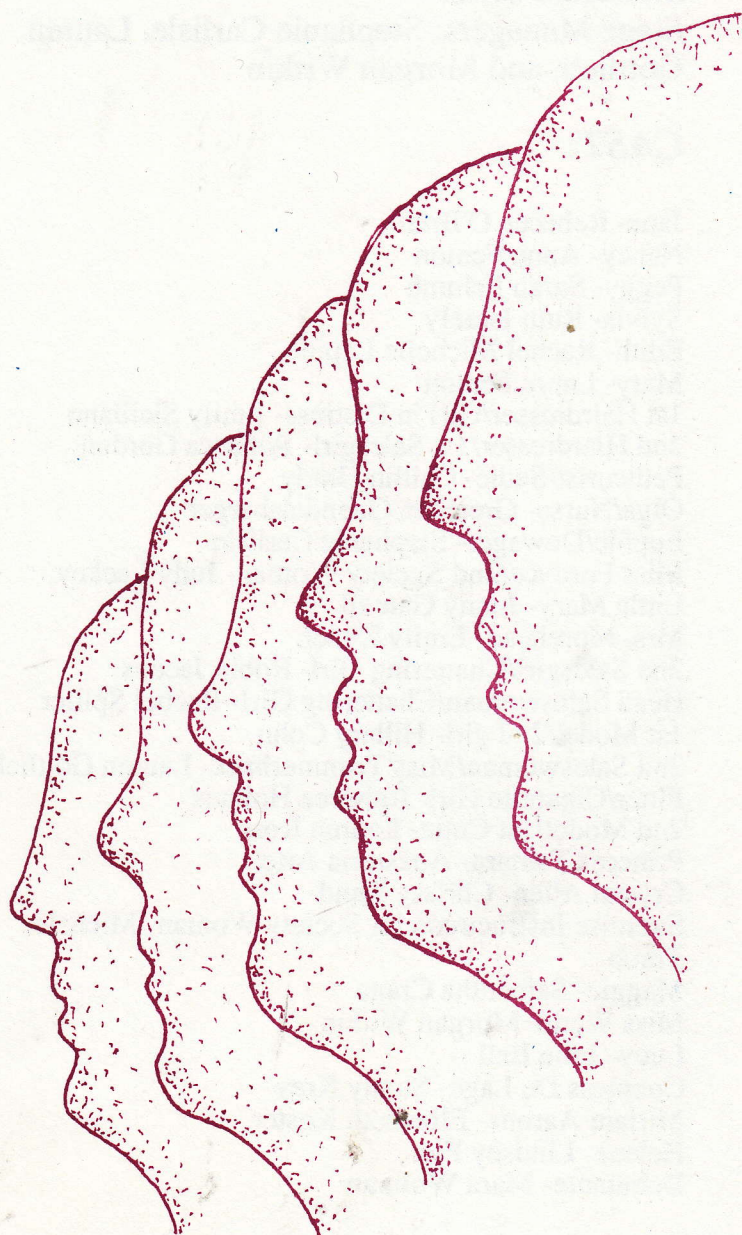
Colin Schleifer-Words
Eric Yudin-Guitar
Eric Hirsch-Guitar
Ted Alexander-Spiritual
Sarcasm, Bass
Bryan Newman-Drums
Alo Steingold-Moral Support

1. *Something Real **
2. *The Unjust **
3. *Incarnation*

***indicates original songs**

Special Thanks: Alo, Chris
Conley, Bryan Newman, Pub,
Music Shed, Ernst, and anyone

THE



Bucks Rock Camp
59 Buck Rock Road
New Milford
CT
06776

WOMEN

The Women

by Clare Boothe

Director: Joelle Re Arp-Dunham

Assistant Directors: Michele Traub and
Samantha Crane

Stage Managers: Stephanie Carlisle, Lauren
Gottlieb, and Morgan Witkin

CAST:

Jane- Rebecca O'Brien

Nancy- Anne Fenton

Peggy- Sarah Felumb

Sylvia- Ruth Israely

Edith- Rachel Michelle Lapine

Mary- Laura Fenton

1st Hairdresser/Girl in Distress- Emily Siciliano

2nd Hairdresser/1st Salesgirl- Rebecca Gordon

Pedicurist/Sadie- Caitlin Hardy

Olga/Nurse- Gretchen Guendelsberger

Euphie/Dowager- Stephanie Carlisle

Miss Fordyce/2nd Society Woman- Judy Lackey

Little Mary- Jenny Gamell

Mrs. Morehead- Emily Zilber

2nd Salesgirl/Chattering Girl- Robin Jacobs

Head Saleswoman/Chattering Girl- Rachel Spiller

1st Model/2nd girl- Hillary Cohn

2nd Saleswoman/Miss Trimmerback- Lauren Gottlieb

Fitter/Cigarette Girl- Rebecca Holmes

2nd Model/1st Cutie- Lauren Ross

Princess Tamara- Anastasia Arten

Crystal Allen- Chrissy Rand

Exercise Instructress/1st Society Woman- Michele
Traub

Maggie- Samantha Crane

Miss Watts- Morgan Witkin

Lucy- Julia Bell

Countess De Lage- Sunny Krey

Miriam Aarons- Elizabeth Koster

Helene- Lindsey Fox

Debutante- Mara Wolman

Act One

Scene 1- Mary's living room, 1955.

Scene 2- A hairdresser's booth at
Michael's, a few days later.

Scene 3- Mary's living room, an
hour later.

Scene 4- A dressmaker's shop, two
months later.

Scene 5- A small exercise room, two
weeks later.

Scene 6- Mary's kitchen, a few days
later.

Scene 7- Mary's living room, a
month later.

Act Two

Scene 1- A hospital, a month later.

Scene 2- Mary's living room in the
Reno Hotel, weeks later.

Scene 3- Crystal's bathroom, two
years later.

Scene 4- Mary's room, 11:00 that
night.

Scene 5- The powder room at the
Casino Roof, later the same
night.

CREW:

Lights: Chava Meed and Lauren Gottlieb

Sound: Chava Meed and Spencer Stone

Costume Coordinators: Ruth Israely and Mor-
gan Witkin

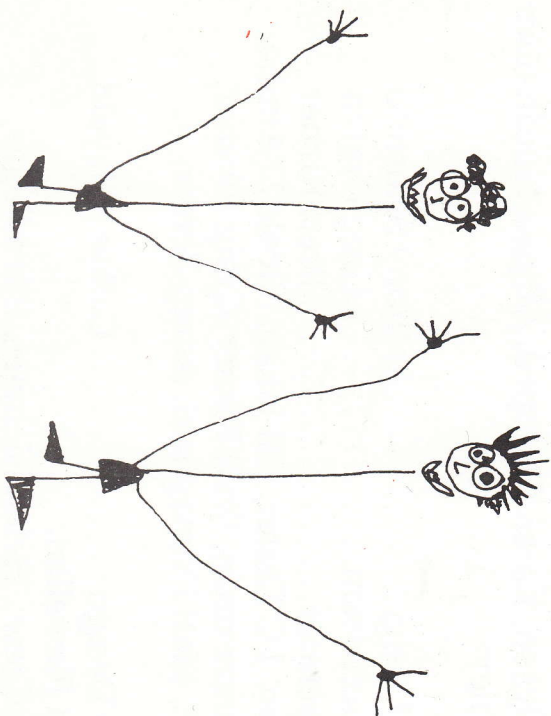
Fight Choreographer: Hillary Cohn

Special Thanks to: Rich Dunham and the set
crew, J.C. Carter, Craig Raisner and LSD,
Helen McInnes and the Costume Shop, Sam
Mazzarella and Maintenance, Fencing and
Martial Arts staff, Barry Tropp,
Rose Bonczek, Rachel Spiller, Julia Bell, the
Directors, the Pub Shop, and of course Ernst.

Bucks Rock Camp.

Twelfth Night

by William Shakespeare



59. Buck Road Road
New Milford
CT

•6776



August 16, 1995



Twelfth Night

by William Shakespeare

Directed by Ernie Johns
Assistant Directed by Sarah Hirshan
Stage Managed by Rafi Kasan

Cast

Viola Wiley Bowen
Olivia Jennifer Holmes
Maria Emily Mendelsohn
Sir Toby Belch Samantha Garland
Sir Andrew Aguecheek Jason Klein
Malvolio David Hanlon
Fool Laura Millendorf
Fabian Amanda Quaid
Orsino Eli Mark
Valentine Liz Carena
Curro Kate Scelsa
Sebastian John Levy
Antonio Jody Krey
Captain/Priest Hilary Spilberg
Officers Ian Schliefer
Cameron Stern
Guitar Katie Tabb

Crew

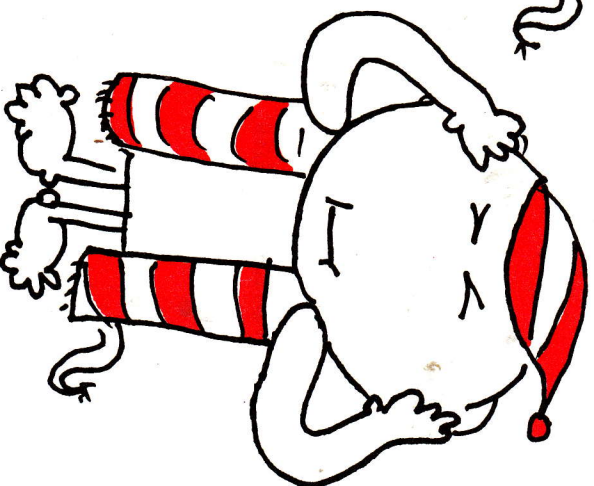
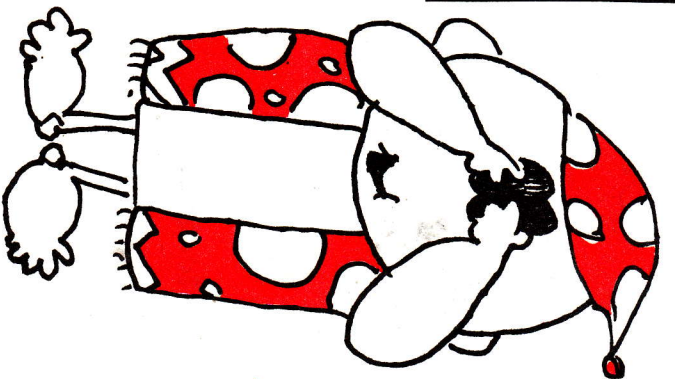
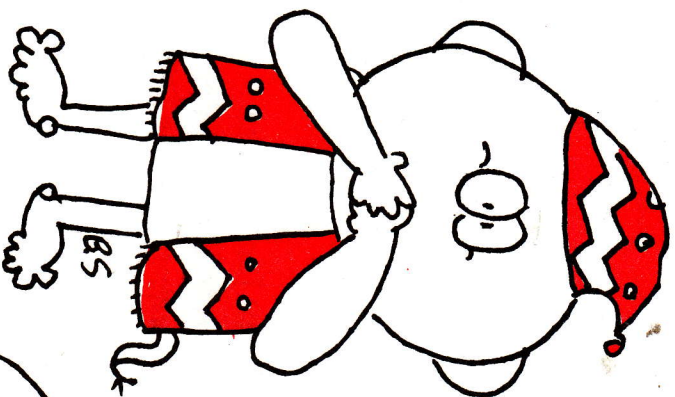
Set Design Rich Dunham
Set Construction: Jonathan Busky, Cameroon Flint,
Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Allyssa Nordhauser,
Gillian Foley

Lighting Design Anthony Sciortino
Master Electrician Greg Dratva
Board Operator Brett Kizner
LSD Crew: J.C Carter, Bill Jakab, Nicole D'Amiko,
Alexa Zimmerman, Brett Kizner, Craig Raisner,
Bill Hann, Matt Dilmaghani, Adam Berson

Costume Design Celine Bijleveld,
Rosemari Flewellen,
Costume Crew: Helen McInnes, Ellen Baggs,
Sharon Marston

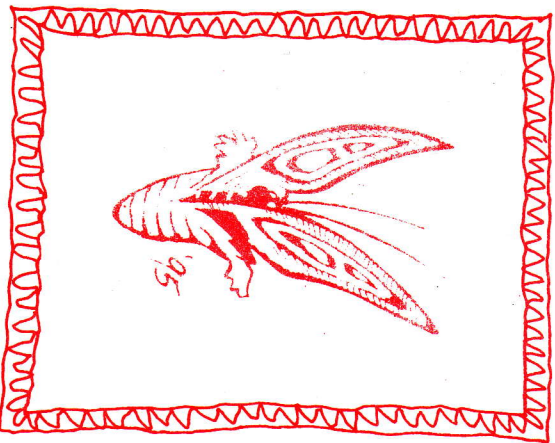
Special thanks to: Sandra Goodman,
Marisa Kurtzman, the clowns, all of the theatre CITs
and JCs, Adam Markovics, Rose the Glorious Pagan
Goddess to whom we all bow, Bob, Eve, the hippy
happy bunny, Steve Ansell, stage left sneaker,
Jerry Garcia, Super Soakers, Brad Maloney, hat glue on
a stick, The Academy (Dave), Sarah's spelling,
Fabio (Amanda), Dennis Holmes, Amanda's Dad,
Jason's family, and of course Ernst.

SOME OF
THE
TIMING



19TH
AUGUST

1995



Buck's Rock Camp
59 Buck Rock Road,
New Milford, CT.
06776

FESTIVAL DAY

Some of the Timing by David Ives

Director: Rose Bonczek
Assistant Director: Abby Rasminsky

Cast:

Mere Mortals:
Joe: Halie Rosenberg
Charlie: Erin Fogel
Frank: Ariana Moses

The Universal Language:
Don: Joe Zeltzer
Dawn: Rebbie Weinberger
Student: Wayne Dibbley

The Philadelphia:
Alice: Gena Oppenheim
Marcia: Jaki Silver
Waitress: Sara Liebmann

Words, Words, Words:
Milton: Melissa Sacchetta
Swift: Heidi Handelsman
Kafka: Lauren Levy

English Made Simple:
Jill: Jessica Lattif
Jack: Scott Seward
Instructor: Katie Tabb

Crew:

Set Design: Rich Dunham

Set Crew: Jonathan Busky, Cameron Flint,
Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Allyssa Nordhauser,
Gillian Foley

Sound Design: Craig Raisner

Electrician: J. C. Carter

Costume Crew: Helen McInnes, Rosemari Flewellen,
Celine Bijleveld, Ellen Baggs, Sharon Marston

Special Thanks: Steve AnSELL now and always,
Checkerboard Ernie Johns, Superwoman Joelle,
Chelsea and Richie, Rich, Siobhan OWmeyer, Amy 35,
Sarah for the existential road trip, Craig and Jerry for
renewing our faith in LSD and mankind,
Betty Bonczek, SaMaDaAmRaGeJaEmWiJeIsRoEve for
making it all so much fun, Pub, Clown Shop,
Ani Difrancio, The Awfis, Sam Mazarella and Co., and
of course, Ernst, for everything.

CABARET



"Leave Your Troubles At The Door"



Don't let the world
steal your joy

CABARET

Directed by: Steve Ansell

Assistant Directed by: Amy Herzog and Siobhan Lockhart

Stage Managed by: Stacey Gish and Wiley Bowen

Assistant Stage Manager: Jen Holmes

Choreographed by: Amanda Lipitz and Rachel Berks*

Vocal Coaches: Sarah Egan, Erika Blumberg, and Allegra Bartko

Musical Director: Erika Blumberg

CAST:

Master of Ceremonies (Emcee): Matt Fantaci

Clifford Bradshaw: Abe Goldfarb

Ernst Ludwig: Eric Hirsch

Fraulein Schneider: Sarah Levithan

Fraulein Kost: Megan Hart

Herr Schultz: Isaac Butler

Sally Bowles: Sarah Tucker

Two Ladies: Reisha Goldman and Amanda Lipitz

Kit Kat Girls: Reisha Goldman, Amanda Lipitz, Lindsay Eckerd, Melanie Errico, Natalie Bowers,

Thomasin Franklin, Alex McDougald, Lizzie Sroka

Customs Officer: Phil Haspel

Max: Jon Brooks

Chorus: Beth Kalisch, Carol Faden, Danielle Friedman, Michael Donahue, Rebecca Brachman,

Dan Cohen, Hiro Yamazaki, Liz Schumaecker, Jennifer Josephberg, Lindsey Hoopes, Dan

Blake, Amanda Quaid

Orchestra:

Conductor: Erika Blumberg

Cello: Elizabeth Rowbotham

Piano: David Hanlon

Clarinet: Jay Hassan

Drums: Geoff Goldman

Trumpets: Mitch Wechsler and Marisa Escobar

Violins: Jim Wallenberg and Sarah Kroll-Rosenbaum

Saxophone: David Fishkin

Wood Instruments: Ted Masur

Saxophone: Allegra Bartko

Bass: Mike Fittipaldi

Crew:

Costume Designer: Helen McInnes

Costume Crew: Rosemari Flewellen, Ellen Baggs, Sharon Marston, Celine Bijleveld

Makeup: Rachel Sherman

Running Crew: James Granger, Wyle Kye Mauriello, Ellen Latzen, Scott Seward, Cameron Flint, Jonathon Busky, Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Allysa Nordhauser, Eric Wellman, and Caren Kramer

Prop Construction: Jon Parley

LSD Crew: J.C. Carter, Nicole D'Amico, Greg Drata, Bill Hann, Bill Jakab, Craig Raisner, Alexa Zimmerman, Adam Berson, Tony Sciortino, Brett Kizner, Josh Leitner, and Chava Meed

Sound Design: Craig Raisner

Lighting Design: Bill Jakab

Master Electrician: J.C. Carter

Set Design: Rich Dunham

Set Construction: Cameron Flint, Jonathan Busky, Adam Ellyson, Karen Chappell, Allysa Nordhauser, Gillian Foley, Eric Wellman, and Caren Kramer

Special Thanks: Rose, Ernie, Joelle Re Arp Dunham, Jon Parley, Claire "The Leather Lady" Nerenth, Sam and Shana, the theatre C.I.T.'s and J.C.'s, art, pub, Liz and Shelly, the ultimate crew, Ernst for his invaluable help and assistance

Additional motivational blocking: Serena Silver

*All numbers Choreographed by Amanda Lipitz except:

The Telephone Dance, Couldn't Please Me More, Married, Why Should I Wake Up, and What Would You Do, choreographed by: Rachel Berks

The cover was designed by Peter Licalsi

Laid Out by Mike Hingley, Jonathan Leigh, Peter Charles Sutcliffe and Brett Kizner

Printed in 16 wonderful colors by Ian Jackson

The cast would like to respectfully dedicate this play to all those who have lost their lives in conflict.

"WARNING: Don't be satisfied with being a camera recording what happens. Don't be intimidated when disaster threatens. History should not be a play performed by actors who can't remember their lines, when it is, let's change the scenery." --Ernst Bulova



MATT DICKE

Literary Arts

"For to articulate sweet sounds together
Is to work harder than all these, and yet
Be thought an idler by the noisy set
Of bankers, schoolmasters and clergymen
That martyrs call the world."

-William Butler Yeats

"When the writer becomes the center of his own
attention, he becomes a nudnik. And a nudnik who
believes he's profound is worse than just a plain
nudnik."

-Isaac Bashevis Singer

"You gotta look outside your eyes
You gotta think outside your brain
You gotta walk outside your life to where the
neighborhood changes."

-ani difranco

I would like to be
struck by lightning
during a midsummersnowstorm
as the leaves are burning up
and the ash soaks through

I will ride the mountain of snow in my bathing suit
sliding down the
frozen conductor of electricity
feeling the current runningthroughmy almost
bare naked body

And dream of what life could be like
living in wonderland
birds singing in my
delusions of a
hallmarkpictureperfect world

I climb my mountain of
melted snow
as the world dissolves
around me

The lightning halts
I pause and fall
what a beautiful way to die

Jon Feinstein



David Golden

Travel Through Time

by Holly Matalbano

You have just walked into a place of time and space. You can choose any door to get to your destination. You can choose where you want to go and what time it should be when you get there, whether it is 1567 B. C. or A.D. 2894. You go up to the ticket booth to buy a ticket for your destination because to enter a door you need a ticket like a movie theater. The man behind the counter says, "What's the time and what's the date?"

You hesitate. "I would like to go to...the year A. D. 3000 please." The man gives you a ticket and tells you to go down the hall, to the right, the third door on the left. As you walk down the corridor, you think about why you chose that time.

Your thoughts are: the most important reason that I chose this time is that I can research the time I came from and try to stop any oncoming wars, attacks, assassinations, or dangers of any sort that might cause damage to the Earth. You worry, though, that you will not like the things that you find, or find that there is no future for the world whatsoever. If there is a future, you may be able to make it better if you can accomplish the task of finding the destiny of the Earth by going into the future and bringing your knowledge back to your time.

As you walk down the long corridor, a second reason crosses your mind. You are doing this because you are curious about what has happened to society, the government, technology, space travel, medicine, and most of all...you. You want to know if they ever will find a cure for AIDS, or if they ever find planets with other life forms, or if people now live on the moon, or we now have smellavision and live with taxes on just about everything including the number of socks you keep in your sock drawer. Most of all, you want to know if you will live a long, successful life or die early because you were shot or died of an incurable disease that rots your brains and makes your skin disintegrate. If that is true, you may be able to bring the cure back with you to prolong your life.

The last thought you will have time for before you reach the door is, WOW! I could make millions of dollars if I could somehow find out the winning lottery numbers and what games every sports team won. You could bring back a record of all the games and gamble with your friends or other people to win money from gambling on sports teams. Winning the lottery would give you a lot of money for charity and for yourself. You could buy a mansion with spas, swimming pools, servants, game rooms, and every thing your heart desires, including a hot red convertible car for the garage.

As you think this last thought, you approach the first door on the left. You

silently walk past, counting the first door, the first door of three that will decide your future. Past the second door you walk. The world's future could rest in your hands because of this journey. The information you gather could save thousands of lives, whether they be innocent or not. They might be resting in your hands in just moments because you might have gained the knowledge to either save those lives or destroy them. You realize you are doing something that many people dare not even dream about. You have three major tasks to accomplish in a short period of time. Finally you reach the third door on the left and stop to wonder if you really want to do this. Can you do it, can you accomplish the undreamed of? The unheard of? The unspoken? You hesitate to turn the knob. It is all up to you, to go or turn back now so somebody else can do the job. Do you have the guts to do this? Well, DO YOU?



Gregory Goldman

Untitled

She renders me speechless,
incapable of a language so familiar,
stumbling through my thoughts.
I try to find a safe haven, a sanctuary.

My silence is the only way to protect myself,
fear of the unknown outcome,
private thought kept safe
as not to remove a wall
not to expose my soul to the light I want,
to light I need.

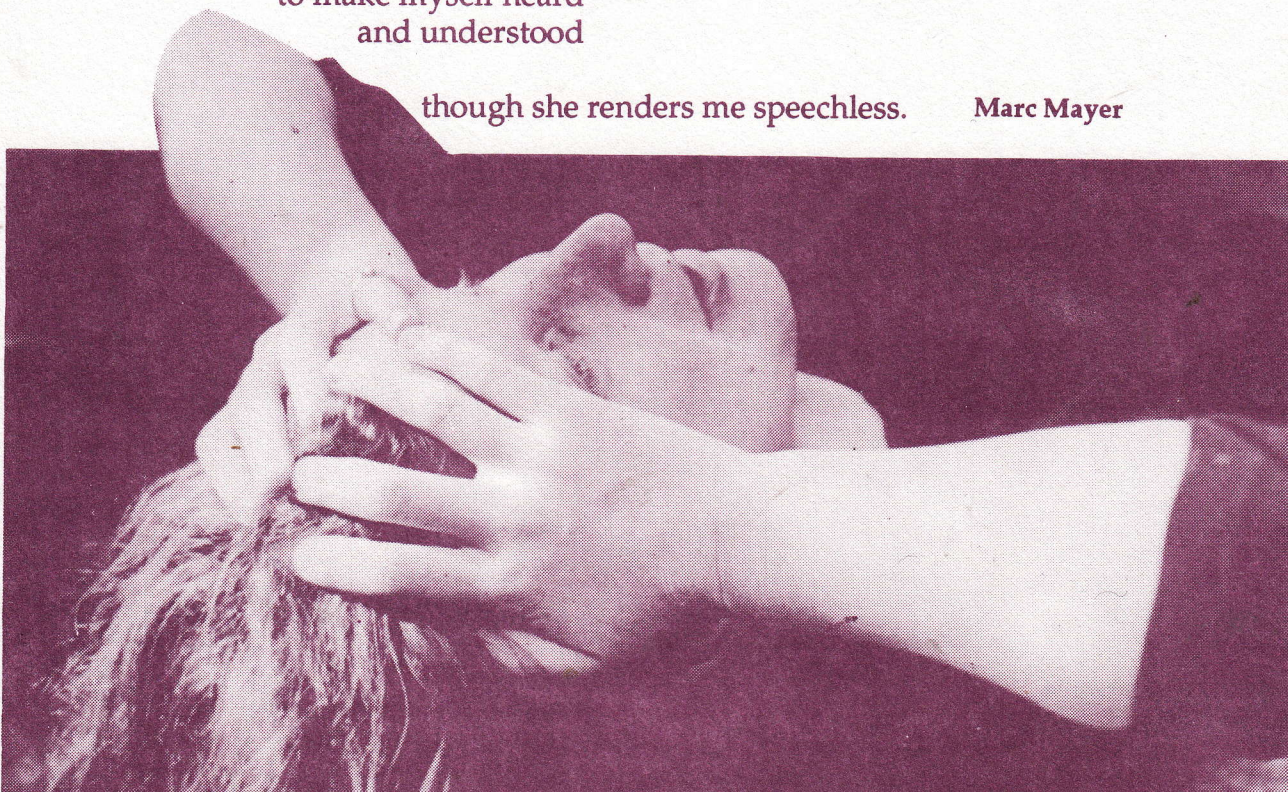
She renders me speechless,
to words I long to tell
to ideas waiting to be seen,
I want to make it known, but in silence.

Found to be senseless
her beauty,
not seen by other people,
I cannot miss it,
Calling me like the white light in an out of body experience.

Though self-conscious, I have to say it,
to make myself heard
and understood

though she renders me speechless.

Marc Mayer



The Watching Place

On an empty road
In an empty town
Empty people sit and wait.

For a car
For a life
For something unexpected

Their eyes are set
straight ahead
their minds are set
like a bomb.

Timing
Counting down
To Infinity.

Who are they to know?
Who are we to understand?

Day.
Night.

They sit and wait.
We sit and watch.

The road ends
At the horizon
At the edge of the earth.

Time drips off the rim
as water out of a cup.

There is nothing to surface
waiting to catch that which has escaped.

The Perfect Prison.

Lauren Gottlieb



Alex Kwartler

Window on the World

Clear
Glass
In a wall
I can see through it
Enormous buildings
Tall trees
Moving people
Open stores
Colorful flowers
Green grass
Little houses
Barking dogs
Zooming cars
Slow buses
Blue skies
Surrounded by a frame,
It lets sunlight through.

Gina Lasko



Perfection

The illusion that everyone
dreams of is a competition;
a smell, a taste, a sight,
a sound, a world.

All perfection is a dream,
an evil dream that sucks you
into a world of illusion
so you are faced with things
that are too good to be true.
Everyone dreams of a world
like this but the only true
perfection is
NATURE.

Drew Casey

Amos

He, like me, has orange hair
His imagination is ever so bare
I ask him:

Hey, what would you like to do
The answer is a simple:

Don't know, it's up to you
He's not your average run-of-the mill kid
On his success in upcoming years
I just would not bid.

He will have trouble finding his groove
Saying his life was a good one
Would be hard to prove.

A solution to the problem
Will be more than tough to find
And if one isn't forthcoming
We're stuck in this bind.

He was different
My previous thoughts were non-existent
We conversed, he was normal
I was in shock and forgot this to be informal
'What's happened' I wondered
I was astonished, a s t o n i s h e d ...

R a p h a e l ? Do you have an answer for us?

Reality hit hard
Classroom stared me down
This daydream ended
And so formed a frown.
He did not change
I soon found,
It was just my mind
The trickery that knows no bound.

Raphael Cohen



Drew Casey

Silent Idolatry

I am unable to tell you how I feel
because words roll off you,
like beads of water on newly sealed wood.

And as I sit by your side
trying to emulate you,
I can only feel as if I will never be as good.

My silent idolatry is revealed only in my eyes,
as they widen with amazement,
bearing witness to your talent.

Each time your praise comes, I store it away
in a treasure box in my head.
And when you are gone, I take it out and revel in it,
like a king delighting in his riches.

And when the time comes to say goodbye,
I know my heart will sink
when the words, "I want to be like you,"
ricochet in my brain,
unsaid.

Marisa Escolar



Alex Kwartler



fizzy '95

Elizabeth Koster

You Know, Things

if the dust behind your bed
is made of 90% dead skin cells
and the dust in space is made of
100% used-up planets
then the dust in your brain must be
the thoughts you didn't want to have anymore
or never did have
and if someone tells you
they've been "out getting something"
what exactly are you supposed to believe,
because that could mean just about anything
and just because nothing means everything
and everything means something
doesn't mean that I have to mean something to you
because something really isn't just something
it's some thing
like some guy you see walking down the street
whose eyes you look into really hard
even though you're never going to see him again
or some place that you've been
which you can't remember
but turns up in your déjà vu
like some guy who was following you
because he thought you were beautiful,
an opinion you were trying secretly to acquire
but never did,
luckily.
a man in the subway leaned over and whispered in my ear
"you have beautiful hair"
and I bought my token and got into a train
to stare through the heads of strangers
at darkness whizzing by
at a fraction of the speed of light.

Emily Meg Weinstein

Contains no Chlorofluorocarbons
Don't Disguise, Neutralise®

leaving coming
life changing by the second
smells odor aroma
blend like
chocolate rum Listerine thick shake
burning my inner nostrils
a stench to the right
spray it
spray it
dilute with Neutra Air®

hogwash cherry vomit
lick up irritable medication
you soon get used to
the pleasant disgust
dilute with Neutra Air®

waking up at seven
humorous grin dimmed
when we're through
dilute with Neutra Air®
hazardous to your health

Jon Feinstein



Nick Mauss

Walled Dreams

Uncolored and dreamless they run
for cover, sinking deeper beneath
the blanket. No one's there to help
them over; the wall continues its reign.
"Break it down," the people scream,
though I do not contain the power.
And through the smoke and filth and dreams,
the scene smoulders to ash.
The sea washes its enduring net,
the fish not seeing the light
quite yet. Not reaching the flying
kite. They dream away their yearning.
Deep in purest of green, a boy
picks the perfect flower,
holds it gently to his chest,
seeing not its wilting stem.
"How goes you, tiny flower?"
From the petals a voice whispers,
"The innocent soldier has come to me,
captured me once again. Beauty
cannot restrain thee, nor the walls
of your own garden."
The boy glances down and sighs,
hears not what has been sung.
Around him hangs a heavy cologne,
a frown sewn on his face.
Dripping down the flawless trees
rolls arrogance heavy and cold.
Picked by his errant hand, now lost
is the fragrance of the perfect rose.

Sarah Felumb



Josh Patterson



Lauren Gottlieb

Spirit Box

Boxed.
In maple, in memory.
Too precious, I think,
To feel with others.
Too painful, alone.
Boxed.
Pushed away.
Apart even from my mind.
Reading my spirit,
On a letter of miles away.
You are my pearl earring.
Your love my dried carnation.
Your box.
Resting heavily, unevenly,
On my mind.
I freeze.
And my heart is warm,
Somehow pumping you through my veins.
I burn.
The smoke smiles its way through
My stand-still thoughts.
My feelings, boxed up inside.
And maple can't consume
My memory, my precious.
I cannot box up sunrise.
And I cannot close star gazes.
My blood will freeze,
And my heart will burn,
And boxed, I am numb.
And I am my spirit.
And I am my box.

Rebecca Shapiro

A Memory

and I remember.
The smile on your face,
Reaching only your lips.
A mirror of mine,
Or so I hope.
Music echoing through me,
A broken record of my thoughts.
Numbing
My mind, my eyes, my lips,
But not the pain.
and I remember.
As we danced,
My nose pressed to your cheek.
The notes become the dancers now,
Wildly through my body,
And like a mammoth wrecking ball
Ricochet!
Off my empty, bursting heart.
and I remember.
As we ran through the rain,
Salt stinging my eye,
Until we no longer could tell,
Teardrop from raindrop.
and I remember.
My first shooting star.
My sunshine now is gone,
And music and rain become my
thundercloud.
and I wonder.
Is it you that I miss
Or is it me?

Rachel Golden



How To Climb A Tree

The sky is winking at you,
smiling and inviting you to join.
To waltz with the stars,
and kiss the moon.
Seducing you.
Exciting!
Reach, baby.
Find your ladder to the stars.
Look for a willow,
and bask beside it,
cleansing yourself in the moonbeam.
Reflect the mystery of the sky.
And it calls.
And you reach.
Hugging the step stool to paradise,
you straddle,
burying yourself
in the woody countenance of your ladder.
Taste struggle.
Your arms are weightless pulleys,
growing with your dream of the sky.
And you twist.
Writhe, baby.
Squirm!
With gnarled knothole footsteps.
Branching.
Spreading,
You feel leaves unfold against
your rag-doll lap.
Lying on the carpet of the tree,
your soul and body are caressed
by the moon's lit candle.
You have climbed.
You have soared.
You have completed the ladder to the stars.
Crown yourself.

Rebecca Shapiro

